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THE COMING WINTER

WE have to face a new and grim phase of the war. Taking stock, we note that for the first time Hitler has met a definite reverse, and we need not now decide whether invasion has been repelled, as the American press suggests, or scotched, as we think more likely, by the bombing of German troops when practising embarkation. As to the military future, much depends on the U.S.A., but the Axis will in all probability make further advances in the Near East, and Hitler's meetings with Franco and Laval suggest a quick move to share the spoils in the Western Mediterranean. In any case, we have to face a dark winter of bombardment and hardship. Sooner or later new methods and inventions may stop night bombing, but they are prematurely discussed and their development is not to be relied upon in the near future. The military must not be allowed to think that only military objectives matter; chaos in civilian life is Hitler's first objective.

Mr. Morrison and Miss Wilkinson have had plenty of publicity for their first drive. They both have energy and determination. The administrative chaos certainly requires both. The machine is deplorably slow. Millions of bunks are promised; a few have actually arrived and three hundred have been installed in the big shelter recently described in this journal. Miss Wilkinson promises shelters where people can enjoy some of the amenities of home life. Some segregation has begun and there are nurses in many of the shelters. Dr. Mallon has been appointed with a new Committee to hasten communal feeding. A useful experiment is being tried with the ticket system for places in shelters. Promises of decent lavatory facilities in shelters still remain unfulfilled and there are a large number of shelters in which the floors are flooded and the walls are running with water. Local Councils seem unable to supply so simple and vital a necessity as duckboards. Everywhere we see the beginning of change, but the change, whether in feeding, in sanitation, in comfort, or in protection against disease, is still far too slow—far slower than publicity suggests. And many provincial towns are still unprepared for the experience of London.

The first fundamental is the evacuation of all children and as many as possible of the men and women who have no necessary work in hard-hit areas. Evacuation is proceeding steadily, and we hear that a few large houses in the country have been taken over. This is far the most hopeful method; there are hundreds of large and empty houses which can be taken over if the authorities will act boldly and quickly. Billeting is of only limited use; it raises almost as many problems as it solves. Hostels for necessary workers in London; big houses in the country as schools and hostels for evacuees—these are the first necessity if evacuation is to proceed at all satisfactorily. It is also an educational necessity.

Mr. Morrison has probably already discovered that it was a mistake to worry about the interested motives of some who advocate deep shelters: the fact is that they are necessary and that bunks in surface shelters are waste of money. He has opened a few more Tubes; given the will, and the money, both of which are obtainable, huge new "headings" out of the Underground can offer complete security for essential workers. They will take some time to construct and there are technical difficulties. If people know that they are being constructed, that will be something. It is fatal to say that there is "not time" to make deep shelters. The L.P.T.B. is accustomed to swift tunnelling, and if it does take some months, that will be better than not having them. Sir Samuel Hoare said there was not time two years ago: there will be still less time next month or the month after. Meanwhile, it remains a scandal that the City basements, often first-class shelters, are in most cases still opened only in the day.

Much confusion exists about the question of using soldiers in heavily bombed areas. No one suggests that soldiers are needed for any but an entirely co-operative and desirable reason. There is no reason for a single bayonet in the East End. The danger is apathy, rather than active discontent. But there is a very proper demand for soldiers to help in the work of rescue and demolition. Soldiers bringing field kitchens with them would be universally welcomed, and so would 50,000 soldiers instead of 5,000 to clear up debris. The argument that they would be undercutting workers at the usual wage-rates seems absurd, since there is far more work to be done than the unemployed miners (who should be brought up for tunnelling) and the unemployed building operatives and navvies can possibly accomplish. As it is, damage which encumbers the main arteries of traffic is fairly quickly dealt with, but damage to houses in side streets, even when bodies may be underneath it, is far too long neglected. The soldiers themselves are longing for work.

Oil for Japan

Public opinion was shocked to learn that while we have opened the Burma road to arm China, the oil companies of the Dutch East Indies, which depend on Dutch, British and American capital, are contracting to supply Japan's needs during the next six months. It is the case that they will not sell aviation spirit, but Japan can herself refine this out of the crude oil she buys; in any event, the crude oil serves her tanks, transport and warships. The contract is not yet concluded, but we gather that the Dutch Government dare not refuse to supply Japan without a guarantee of naval support, which only the United States could give. But for such decided action America, absorbed in the presidential election, is not yet ready. How soon, if ever, she will be ready may depend not merely on the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt, but on the sort of majority he gets. Mr. Bullitt, formerly ambassador in Paris, in a notable speech has been telling his countrymen that the Axis has planted a delayed action bomb on their doorstep; but as yet half the nation, including Wall Street, fails to see its peril. The best to hope for is that the negotiations may drag on for a time without a deal, and that if Japan does get her oil, it will be for a shorter term than six months. It is useless to exhort the Dutch to defiant heroism until one branch or the other of the Anglo-American family can bring its sea-power to their defence.

Forgotten India

Mr. Gandhi has launched his long-deferred campaign of individual disobedience. A disciple of his, Mr. Vinoba, an adept rather of the ethical than of the political side of his movement, made five pacifist speeches against the war in which he urged Indians neither to enlist, nor to aid Britain's war-effort in other ways. He was arrested, frankly pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The Bombay Stock Exchange closed for a day and there were other similar demonstrations. The sentence was mild, and it is hardly worth discussing whether it would not have been wiser to allow Mr. Vinoba to have his say undisturbed. He sought martyrdom and Lord Linlithgow provided, if not a crown, at least an exiguous chaplet for his brow. But the real issue is not a clash with pacifism. Most of India would throw itself into the war-effort, if we had had the wisdom to come to terms with Congress. Indians are willing and even eager to help against Hitler, but their self-respect revolted against our action in declaring them belligerents without their consent. There is no way out of this situation, save by a promise of self-determination, precisely dated for the end of the war and freed from the conditions that give Mr. Jinnah and the Princes a veto over Indian democracy. If that were done we could get the real leaders of India into the Central Government to-morrow, for Mr. Nehru is not a pacifist in Mr. Gandhi's absolute sense of the word. Meanwhile, a vitally important economic conference is assembling at Delhi, to co-ordinate the war-effort and the mutual trade of all the colonies and Dominions facing the Indian Ocean. If we could reckon on a reconciled India as we reckon on New Zealand, the conference might do much to build up a system of resistance and mutual aid independent of the home country.

Who Should be Released?

Mr. Morrison, since he came to his new office, has been absorbed in the problem of providing for the bombed population of London. We do not suppose that the latest dribble of mercy towards the interned German and Austrian refugees reported this week can represent the whole of the policy he will eventually follow. A new edition of the White Paper provides for the release of three further categories: (1) persons who have claims to literary, artistic or academic distinction, (2) students and (3) young persons of enemy origin who have lived in this country for twenty years. We welcome any prospect of release, however tardy, for any group of friendly aliens, and we are heartily glad that distinguished intellectuals should be liberated. But there is a danger here of a snobbish attitude that Mr. Morrison would be the last man to approve. We know personally some of these internees who are simple working men. They were not in any sense leaders, nor have they any claim to academic or literary eminence. We may illustrate the inadequacy of the present categories by a few examples. We could name five who risked their lives on the battlefields of Spain. Two of them were German sailors, Aryans, who belonged to the International transport organisation, in itself enough to prove their courageous opposition to the Nazis. They fought in the Lincoln Brigade in Spain. They are now classed as "prisoners of war" in Canada and kept in daily contact with Nazis. Another man, H. T., an Austrian Socialist, was imprisoned in Austria as an anti-Fascist. He escaped to Spain, fought in the Brigade and was severely wounded. He entered this country with the permission of the Home Office as a refugee, and found useful work as an engineering draughtsman, in Lancashire. His employer has petitioned for his release as a good worker whom he wishes to employ again on orders for export. The local Labour Party, which knew him well, has also petitioned. All this made no impression on the Home Office under Sir John Anderson. H. T. could boast no academic degrees nor was he known to fame. He was merely a Socialist working man who has been maimed for life in fighting the Nazis. Will Mr. Morrison recognise a comrade in this record?

The Right to a Hearing

In the King's Bench Division last Tuesday, the Judges dismissed applications for writs of *habeas corpus* on behalf of four persons detained in various of his Majesty's prisons. Since no offence has been alleged against these persons, they cannot claim to be tried before a court of law; and the only tribunal involved is an advisory committee which is not, in the normal sense, a court of law. We do not complain of a special procedure in time of war to deal with a special kind of case. We complain only of the delay in granting the hearing that the present law allows. Counsel for the applicants submitted that this delay was inordinate and that this dilatoriness amounted to a denial of justice. The Attorney-General quoted affidavits by the late and present Home Secretaries declaring that they were satisfied that everything was being done to dispose of the cases with the utmost expedition. These simple declarations of faith by Home Secretaries are apparently decisive since the Lord Chief Justice stated that if the affidavits were accepted there was no ground on which the applicants could contend that any rights had been denied to them. Nevertheless he went on to say that in these cases of the liberty of the subject it was essential that all possible expedition should be used and he elaborated this point at some length and with welcome vigour. On the initiative of Mr. Justice Hawke no order was made as to costs. We are grateful for this gesture on the part of our independent judiciary and we hope that the legislature will put the onus of expedition on the Home Office. Any detained person should be assured of a hearing within a specified period. No one whatever his politics should be detained for 90 days without a chance of making his defence.

Economic Notes (by an Industrial Correspondent)

The statistical black-out becomes deeper as the war goes on. Usually, at about this time of year, it becomes possible to gauge, from the figures of insured workers in the different trades, the state of industry and the amount of movement into and out of the various industries and areas. But this year there will be no such figures, because—so runs the official argument—we do not wish the enemy to know these things. It would be nice for the Germans, it is said, to know the precise extent of the increase in employment in our war industries, exactly where the biggest increases have occurred, and to what extent activity in the non-war industries has been cut down, either from shortages of materials or from any other cause. They would also like to know precisely where, and how far, air attack is interfering with industrial production; and detailed figures of unemployment would obviously be helpful for this purpose. But there is no good reason to suppress the figure of the total number unemployed, which, as it seems, the Ministry of Labour is about to do, on the plea that it gives a distorted picture. If facts do not fit the claims of the publicity agents the Departments suppress the facts. The Official Secrets Act, by checking outside criticism, may be helping Hitler more than he is impeded by lack of knowledge of what is going on in this country.

Total unemployment remains practically unaltered according to the latest figures, with no really big change in any of the main groups. But this does not prove that the situation is static: it may mean that the continued absorption of workers into the essential war industries is about balanced by the falling off of employment in the less essential trades, and by interruptions of work due to factory evacuation from defence areas or to air-raid damage. In the absence of any detailed figures no comment can be made. What is certain is that retraining is still proceeding at a shockingly slow rate and will do so until employers are compelled to train in the shops. But there is reason to think that the Ministry of Labour is still unprepared to take the plunge. Hence the frustration of the limitation of supplies to home consumers.

* * *

As winter advances, the daily movement of workers over long distances to and from work is bound to present a difficult problem. Too many of our new or expanded war factories have been built in places where there is little or no labour available, with the consequence that workers have to be brought from distant places. Some can come to live near their work; but there is often a serious shortage of accommodation, especially when numerous billets have been reserved for Government organisations which have never occupied them. As more troops are moved into billets, this shortage will be accentuated; and, as the output of munitions is expanded, more and more workers will have to make long journeys every day. Luckily, the authorities are no longer working on the belief that heavy overtime is a possible way of increasing output; but even after the normal working hours a long journey back home in the dark—and a similar outward journey in the early morning—is not a pleasant prospect, and such conditions will make it hard to keep on the job many women who have home ties and shopping to consider as well as their daily work. This makes it vitally important that transport facilities, by both rail and road, shall be made as good as they possibly can be made; and this consideration may call for more staggering of hours than has yet been introduced, and to the working of heavier night shifts in relatively safe areas. It is too late now to go back upon many of the mistakes that were made in putting up factories without proper regard for the supply of labour near at hand; but the fact that so many mistakes were made is a warning of the dangers of leaving the employer to plan wartime industry as he pleases. In normal times, most employers do not concern themselves about the living conditions of those whom they employ. They expect the labour to come to them, and to house itself. When they follow a similar course in war, the results are disastrous. We are paying, in this as in many other respects, the penalty of having gone into this war without anything in the nature of an economic plan.

* * *

The official cost of living figures creep slowly up; and the real cost of living climbs a good deal faster, because people are so often compelled to buy dearer substitutes for the things they normally consume, but can no longer get. The Purchase Tax will certainly aggravate this tendency, which is marked enough without it. But there is no sign at all that the Trade Unions are disposed towards hard bargaining over wages, despite the rise in costs. This is no doubt partly because some workers are making very good money as a result of high overtime and piecework earnings. But the numbers who are in this position are very limited, and many even in the war trades are in receipt of earnings only a little above the pre-war level. One hears much about the high earnings of the few, but very little about the lower earnings of the great majority. Unless the Government are going to take very much more drastic action to safeguard the quality of distribution of available supplies by rationing the position will suddenly be aggravated as available stocks are exhausted. It is a great pity that the Trade Union Congress did not come to any definite conclusion about these vital problems.

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THE NEXT GENERATION

MR. PRIESTLEY in one of the most moving of his broadcast talks quoted a letter from a young airman who had acquired among his comrades a new attitude to life. He declared that it would be impossible after the war to go back to the old competitive existence. The idea of struggling to snatch orders and work from men who had faced death at his side had become unnatural and repugnant. Something of the kind most of us feel in some degree. Mr. Attlee's broadcasts commonly end with the assurance that we are fighting to build a new order of society—after the war. Those of us who lived through the last war listen to such hopes with mixed feelings, for we remember the disillusion that followed this same phase of wartime emotion twenty years ago. "After the war" may be only the way of escape of weak men who shirk the difficulty of doing what might be done to-day. If our society is to retain the faith of men to whom it owes a debt, be they dockers or miners at home, or Indians who ask for freedom, it must do, gladly and in a large way, what can be done to-day to confirm its promise of that better order of society. Then what can it do? Socialists are embarrassed, because we know that many of the things that to us seem fundamental would be resisted by Conservatives, beginning with the Prime Minister, whom we have recognised as our national leader. That ought not to be a final barrier: in this relationship there must be give and take. But over contentious matters the hint of a readiness to make concessions would come with a better grace from Conservatives than a demand for them would come from us. Again, there are other things, notably housing schemes, which are materially impossible to-day, though the plans should be drafted now. A little has been done in some directions, which we do not undervalue, notably the raising of the agricultural labourers' wage. But is there no general purpose which most of us would adopt at least in principle, without much risk of contention?

We believe that there is. We are fighting this war not merely to preserve our own liberty and self-respect but to hand on a great heritage to our children. Instinctively, we have all felt this claim of continuity. That is why we have tried, however inadequately, to send the next generation into safety, in the country or overseas. Might we not go further, and agree that to these children, whose lives we try to safeguard, shall fall in equal measure the right and capacity to enjoy the heritage we are defending? That is a large claim: if we seriously meant to enforce it, few of us would ask for much more. Yet it is a claim which in principle no man with a social conscience would resist. The negative of privilege cannot be maintained within the framework of any social ethic. No man will argue that the children of the poorer workers ought to grow up with stunted and enfeebled bodies, or with minds that cannot grasp more than a meaningless fraction of the historic heritage we defend. Yet that is what we tolerate. For the Newcastle City Council Dr. Spence recently made a comparative study of 125 children drawn from the poorest class, and the same number drawn from professional and well-to-do families. In round figures 50 per cent. of the poor children were below the standard both in height and weight: only 5 per cent. of the well-to-do children were below it in height and 13 per cent. in weight. But the really damning test was for anaemia. Not one of the well-to-do children was anaemic, while only 20 per cent. of the poor children were classed as "satisfactory." We need not cite the well-known mental tests that show a similar picture.

To revolutionise our whole conception of a national system of education may be a task too difficult to carry through under a rain of bombs. But defiantly, as a people that believes in its future, we ought to plan it now. The aim should be nothing less than the abolition of class, in so far as schooling, in the widest sense of the word, can achieve that end. It means raising the numbers, status and incomes of the teachers. It means, especially in the country, lavish building. It means a lifting of the level of all council schools, in the villages as in the towns, until they are so good that the most exacting middle-class parent will ask for nothing better. That was very nearly achieved in Germany under the Republic: it is broadly true of the United States and it was on the whole attained in Scotland in the last generation. It means the complete remodelling of the public schools as free colleges reserved for boys of especial promise, whatever the incomes of their parents may be. It means, needless to say, the ending of the means test that bars the doors of the older universities. This we can promise and plan but only very partially fulfil in wartime.

What we can and ought to do at once, more than ever in wartime, is to attend to the physical needs of the children. This war, like the last, is going to be paid for in part by inflation. To talk of equality of sacrifice, with the cost of living up by 20 per cent. and likely to mount higher, is mockery. The well-to-do must forfeit some of their luxuries, but these conditions mean for the poorer strata of the workers a stinting in necessaries that is bound to fall largely on the children. A quarter of the nation's children, as Sir John Orr has reckoned, are now living on an average scale that allows for food only 4s. a week. Health cannot be bought at this price. Early in the war a group of Members of Parliament with Mr. L. S. Amery at their head laid this case in a terse but able memorandum before an unheeding Chancellor of the Exchequer, and drew the conclusion that the proper remedy is the prompt adoption of a system of Family Allowances. Mr. Keynes has recently lent his authority as an economist to the boldest of several possible ways of realising this idea. And now the advocate to whom it owes most, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, has restated the need for it in a "Penguin Special" (*The Case for Family Allowances*, 6*d*.).

It is a very simple case, though it can be backed by elaborate statistics and by experience drawn from the Dominions and from Europe. The root of the matter is that wages have no direct relation to needs. Their level in each trade is reached by a process of bargaining in the labour market that turns on scarcity, on demand, and on the tightness of the organisation among employers and employed. What the employer buys is labour power: his employee's children are inevitably an irrelevance. The quasi-ethical demand for a "living wage" is in fact realised, if at all, only in the upper strata of a few "sheltered" trades, if we mean by that term a wage sufficient for the "typical" family of two parents and three dependent children. At the prices of to-day, if we take the diet prescribed by League of Nations health experts, a living wage for such a family ought to be 70s. in towns and 56s. in the country. Only labour's aristocracy earns such a wage. In 1936, by Mr. Rowntree's reckoning, four out of ten urban workers earned less than 55s., and one in three less than 50s. Railwaymen have only since the war secured their 50s. minimum and that only in London: their minimum in the provinces is 48s.

This mythical abstraction, the "typical family," has led us all astray. In fact the needs of a family pass through a series of widely different phases. The majority of wage-earners, certainly most of the unskilled, earn as young unmarried men as much as they ever do in after life. The wage that means comfort for the bachelor may just suffice for the young married couple. They can, with pinching, make it stretch for the needs of the first child: when the second and third arrive, they sink into a condition of struggle, on the verge of primary poverty or below it. This continues until the elder children, if they survive, begin to earn. We have by legislation prolonged the period of dependence, but save by little driblets of assistance, such as cheap milk, we have done nothing to ease the burden on the parents. The last phase, of relative well-being, arrives when all the children are at work, but the struggle has too often broken the health and spirit of the mother. For a detailed demonstration of the mischief wrought by this statistical absurdity, "the average family," we must refer the reader to Miss Rathbone. A small illustration may suffice to exhibit its social effects. In a survey of Bristol, a relatively prosperous town, carried out in a relatively good year, 1937, it was found that of the families below the poverty line, as drawn for this enquiry, 70 per cent. included three or more children. Of the families above this poverty line, only 5½ per cent. had three or more children. As Sir William Beveridge has tersely put it: "The greatest single cause of poverty in this country is young children."

A solution for this problem cannot be found within the capitalist wage system, save by introducing within it a principle wholly alien to it. That has been done in France and Belgium, where employers pay into an industrial pool a flat rate contribution for each of their employees, which is then redistributed in the form of an allowance for each of their children. An alternative plan might follow the model of health insurance: the worker, the employer and the State would each contribute to a national pool, out of which the allowances would be paid. Either of these plans is open to many objections. They would tend to raise prices. The insurance contribution would lay a too heavy burden on the lower paid workers. For these and other reasons which we need not specify, any scheme on these lines will encounter the solid and vehement opposition of the organised Labour Movement. The third plan, which alone seems to us politically feasible and appropriate to wartime, is a State scheme financed from taxation, on the model adopted with variations by New South Wales and New Zealand. It might apply to children of parents below income-tax level, but we should ourselves prefer to do what Mr. Keynes proposed—abolish the present allowances to income-tax payers and make the children's allowances uniform and universal. The lowest figure worth considering at present prices would be 5s. a week: some may urge 6s. This allowance would be paid through the Post Office to the mother. The net annual cost, after deducting allowances already paid under pension and unemployment schemes and income-tax, would be approximately £100 millions. That total could be halved if, by an economy we should regret, the first child in every family were omitted. In the Labour movement the I.L.P. in its prosperous years was the pioneer of this reform. On its initiative in 1926 a joint committee of the Labour Party and the T.U.C. was set up which examined it lengthily and reported in favour of a State scheme by a large majority in 1930, with the warm support of Mr. Arthur Henderson. Mr. J. A. Hobson and Mr. Cole were also its advocates. Unhappily the T.U.C., without explicitly rejecting the proposal, shelved it for the time being. The miners have always strongly supported a State scheme, but some of the older generation of trade union leaders are hostile, in the belief that it would have an adverse effect on their efforts to raise the level of wages by bargaining. This can only mean that the ethical argument from hardship would be weakened. The same objection, one would suppose, should tell against any improvement of the social services. No such effect has in fact been felt in the Dominions.

The case for family allowances is to our thinking overwhelmingly strong, whether we are legislating for a society at peace or at war. It begins to adjust means to needs. It makes a modest redistribution of the national income in favour of those families that bear the heaviest burden. Above all, it offers the prospect of normal health and development to that quarter or more of the nation's children who are doomed to-day to grow up under-nourished, undersized and anaemic. All this is true at any time. But in time of war and inflation the case is even stronger and more urgent. Little moreover can be done on other lines to expand the social services. The fiscal effect should be salutary, since it will to a considerable degree divert consumption from luxuries to necessaries. But it would mean much more than this. If the propertied class, through its leaders in this Government, will assent to it, it would be a clear proof, though a modest one, that this nation aims, as it struggles, at something a little better than the *status quo*.

SOUTH OF SUEZ

On October 25th an Imperial Conference meets at Delhi. All British Dominions and colonies south of Suez, and bordering on the Indian Ocean, will be represented. Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, India and Burma, Ceylon and Malaya, and the six British dependencies of East Africa, are to discuss together how best their resources can be used in the general war effort. And by "general war effort" is meant not only the supply of war materials, but the provision of the everyday requirements of the local populations.

These matters excite little comment in the British press. To bombed London, events in the distant empire are blurred and unreal. We have too many other things on our minds. But in the Empire itself there is nothing at all unreal about the depression which has settled like a pall on almost every colony since the outbreak of war. For the colonies "south of Suez" this week's conference at Delhi is far and away the most important current event. To Britain the conference may be just another effort at rallying war production. To large parts of the Empire it is the one hope on the horizon that something will be done to better the plight into which our war has thrown them.

The root of the trouble in the Empire to-day—and this refers more to the colonies under our control than to the self-governing Dominions—goes back at least two generations. During all this time we have governed our colonies planlessly—without economic direction or foresight. We have wanted raw materials, minerals, exotic foodstuffs from the colonies, and we have wanted them cheap. In so far as we have had any plan for colonial development, it has been to increase the export—preferably to Britain—of these valuable primary products, and to sell our manufactures and preserved foods in exchange. All economic activity in the colonies has been subordinated to the pressing claims of foreign trade. Railways have been built at great expense to carry the exports from mine or plantation to port; debts have been incurred to construct harbours to accommodate European shipping; land has been turned over from subsistence farming to the cultivation of cocoa, and cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and a dozen other commodities which we in Europe prize. When trade flourished the colonies had their share of prosperity, too—though it was rare for this newly won prosperity to seep through to the mass of the native people. But when trade languished, as it did everywhere between 1930 and 1933—the colonies found themselves with depleted treasuries, with burdensome public debts, and with an acute shortage of home-grown food for their own populations.

The experience of the early 'thirties might have taught us a lesson. With a war so obviously ahead, some thought might have been devoted in this country to the certain plight of the colonies, once the British blockade tightened its grip over the oceans. Many people in the colonies—black men as well as white—have, in fact, been fearing this contingency for years, and have declaimed unceasingly in Legislative Councils, in the local press, in petitions to the Colonial Office, on the necessity of doing something about it. They have put forward a variety of proposals—the stimulation of home food production; the encouragement of processing industries in the colonies; the development of fishing and cattle-rearing to replace tinned fish and meat; the creation of storage plant for surplus export crops. But very few of these plans have fetched a response from the Colonial Office, or from its agencies, the Colonial Governments. There were always a hundred good reasons why every project was impracticable. The Colonial Office could only think of the colonies as exporters of primary produce. It was incapable of planning for the day when the work of our own navy would be making large-scale export impossible.

On September 3rd, 1939, this day came. The colonies were cut off from a large part of the Continent of Europe; to-day, from the Continent in its entirety. Shipping space to England has contracted severely. Some raw materials were so important to the British war effort that they are still being transported in full measure, and paid for handsomely. But most colonial products have piled up on the plantations and quaysides—unable even to hope for more than a fraction of their pre-war markets. At the same time, the prices of imported foods have risen steeply, and the arrival of food shipments has become uncertain and sporadic. Reports come from the Gambia of endless queues of Africans, awaiting the unloading of a consignment of rice, each individual fearing that he will be deprived of his meagre share. The Gambia is an extreme example of a colonial economy. It exports virtually nothing but ground-nuts, and eats virtually nothing but imported rice. To-day it finds itself in a bad way. But the situation is no different, fundamentally, in many other colonies. The tinned foods, the rice, the flour, the sugar, which constitute a high proportion of the people's food, are all imported, and to-day the quantities that can be imported have shrunk, and the prices of all imports have risen steeply. It would come as no surprise to hear of actual famine in many areas.

The British Government and the local governments are doing what they can to cope with this dangerous situation. In a number of cases Britain has bought up the whole crop at a fixed price (invariably considered too low by the local producers). In West Africa all the cocoa that could not be shipped is being burnt. This is watched with intense disgust by the Africans, who fill the columns of their press with protests, offering to give their cocoa free to the hungry peoples of Europe rather than see it burnt. Numerous Import Boards, Supply Boards, Control Boards, have been set up for the regulation of trade and prices, but nothing can get over the fact that the colonies must get less for their exports, must pay more for their imports, and are unable either to feed themselves or to convert their wasting produce into the manufactures they so urgently need.

At this late hour, then, the colonial governments are desperately trying to remedy the situation. A message was sent from the Colonial Office telling the colonies that the best contribution they could make to the war effort was to supply their own needs and exercise as few demands on British shipping as possible. (This led one colony to believe that it was positively unpatriotic to buy British goods, and the position had to be cleared up by further explanations.) Ambitious food production campaigns, aided by Government loans, and with Government-guaranteed prices, have been launched in the West Indies; in every colony food-growing is now being frantically pushed. Nigeria talks of becoming completely self-supporting in foodstuffs, and even of exporting foods to the neighbouring West African colonies. Machinery has been bought for processing—sugar-cane crushers, dairy utensils, fruit-bottling machinery, flour and rice mills. On every side valiant attempts are being made to supply the needs of the moment from the inner resources of each colony.

The Delhi Conference takes this movement a step further. Obviously, each colony cannot be self-supporting. But if all the colonies and Dominions situated round the Indian Ocean, and easily accessible to each other, pooled their resources, a sizable economic unit able to supply most of its own demands would emerge. The surplus produce of Africa could be sent for processing and manufacture to the industrial areas of Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa; the surplus foods of Australia and New Zealand could feed the Africans. Cotton from East Africa could be manufactured in the Indian mills, and no demands need be made on Lancashire or on British shipping. This is the argument being heard in the colonies, and the Delhi Conference is, in their view, to inaugurate the new economic direction. The colonial press to-day abounds in references to the Indian Ocean Basin Economic Unit, and sees in the crystallisation of this unit an escape from its present woes.

Together with this economic move away from the Mother Country, a note of increased impatience with their bonds to the Colonial Office is sounding in some of the colonies. Lord Francis Scott, an elected member of the Kenya Legislative Council, openly proclaimed his irritation at having to wait for Colonial Office sanction for every action. "Decisions must be taken on the spot," he said, "at once, and, if necessary, regrets can be expressed afterwards, should the Colonial Office object." The largest East African paper—the *East African Standard*—stated in a leader two months ago, "We must pool our wisdom and our experience, our resources and our capacity for sacrifice, sharing the responsibility to the full, realising that the days when in the ultimate end the Colonial Office could always decide are passing and may suddenly be terminated. We in Africa, North, Central, South, East and West, have to do the job and do it together." East African settlers have, it is true, always been resentful of Colonial Office control. But a bitter note emanates from West Africa as well. Writing of Nigeria's determination to increase its food production and manufacture the *West African Pilot* remarks: "The European merchants were too busy making money on the exportation of cocoa and kernels, and the importation of tinned products, to concern themselves with a scheme which might put more money in the pockets of Africans."

All this does not mean that the Dominions and colonies are not wholeheartedly behind the British war effort. Their generosity and their insistence on sacrifice to aid Britain is almost embarrassing. Tanganyika, for example, sent a War Gift of £100,000 to this country. It has since been compelled to appoint a special Economy Committee to make good the gap of £100,000 in its reserves. The Committee recommended cuts in the expenditure of all Departments, including the Medical, Education, Agricultural and Public Works Departments. It found that the taxable capacity of the country had been so impaired since the outbreak of war that the money could not be raised by new taxation. Generosity of this sort speaks louder than a dozen declarations of loyalty.

At the same time, the Empire demands a solution to its own problems. However the Delhi Conference is directed, one thing is clear. If this war is protracted, the colonies and Dominions round the Indian Ocean (which means more than two-thirds of the Empire) will, sooner or later, one way or another, get together in mutual help, with their backs turned to Europe and to the Mother Country. The Colonial Office failed to plan for its dependencies while the chance was there. To-day the opportunity has gone, and the colonies will plan for themselves. In our preoccupation it is difficult to grasp what this must eventually mean for the prosperity and economic structure of Britain.

RITA HINDEN

A LONDON DIARY

To many thousands of people Priestley's broadcasts had become a symbol, an assurance that all the idealistic talk about democracy and the rest of it was not just hypocrisy. I reported here not long ago that "they" were trying to get rid of Priestley because he really appealed to the common man. "Driving a wedge between the classes!" I heard Lady X say the other day, "He ought to be stopped." Well, he tells us he was not stopped. But he made it clear that there was plenty of pressure and warned us of the real danger now—on the one side the greed and selfishness of the rich, on the other the inevitable apathy of the poor if this war is fought not as their war for the things they need, but as the war of superior people who regard the poor as a "problem,"—to be neglected like other problems, until their grievances are urged by "agitators" who must, of course, be "Communists," dubbed "fifth columnists," and suppressed. That, in a nutshell, is the lesson of France. Mr. Priestley's broadcasts were at once a warning against that fatal drift and an insurance against it. That these broadcasts should stop is a national calamity, which may matter more than Dakar.

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Another silly muddle in our dealings with the U.S.S.R. When

Russia took over the Baltic States there were about thirty ships belonging to Esthonia and Latvia in British and other ports. These were automatically detained and then ten of them were "requisitioned." Moscow was naturally angry and I understand that the ten ships are to be released. Why, people say, if the British Government sincerely wants Russian friendship, do anything so aggravating? The reason was an "administrative muddle." That is to say, I suppose, that some official took a decision which was in line with past policy without understanding that the Government now really wants friendship with the U.S.S.R.—which is symptomatic of the whole confusion about Russia. On the Right even people who hate Russia ideologically now know that we cannot afford to throw away another trick, but their habits of mind prevent them acting on their own decisions. On the Left people who are ideologically pro-Russian argue at one and the same time that Stalin is right in keeping out of the war at any cost, and yet put all the blame on Britain for the failure to win Russia to the British side—which would certainly bring a risk of war to the U.S.S.R. Past blunders play at least as large a part as present prejudices.

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The papers are still full of a wishful thinking about the Near East that reminds me only too much of the things that were said before the attacks on Norway, Holland and Belgium. Why Mr. Chamberlain ever thought it worth while to undergo the indignity of guaranteeing Rumania and Greece I could never understand. This, like the Polish guarantee, was just nonsense without a prior alliance with Russia. Rumania has gone without fighting. The Yugoslavs, I have no doubt, would love to fight, but they are unlikely to have a chance; they may be left to fall into line, like Sweden. King Boris of Bulgaria is doing his best, but it would not surprise me if he were a refugee before long. Greece is subject to pressure from both Italy and Germany and is unlikely to be able to resist. The Turks will, of course, resist if they can, but that depends on Russia. The Germans offer Stalin compensation in Persia and access to the Persian Gulf. He is more afraid of war with Germany than anything else, and might agree to a bargain which would enforce neutrality on the Turks. The Turks might even be persuaded to allow the Germans to cross the Straits, or at least to send troops by air to Syria. There the situation is difficult for us. Though strategically the right thing would be to occupy Syria, Britain naturally fears a conflict with the French army of occupation. British strength in Palestine and the Near East is by itself none too great. If we had a couple of mechanised divisions I should feel much more hopeful about both Asia Minor and Egypt. One of the silliest things I ever heard on the wireless was Mr. Duff Cooper's broadcast when Italy came into the war. Why anyone should think it wise to deride the courage of the Italians I have never understood. They have not been good soldiers in the past, and individually they may not be the equal of British or German or Spanish soldiers now. That is beside the point. They are moving slowly, but much too fast, across the Libyan Desert, and if the expected attack in the Mediterranean has not been as fierce as was anticipated, that is, I take it, because the whole strategy has been arranged between Hitler and Mussolini, and the time for the full blow has not yet arrived. I think it will now come pretty quickly—whether it includes Gibraltar is guesswork, but the appointment of Suñer as Spanish Foreign Secretary is not encouraging. The British public had better be prepared for a further series of shocks when the Axis Powers have made their preparations and decide to strike together. After Dakar one fears to recommend a British initiative, but I believe much might be done in Spain; one would have thought that Rumanian oil wells were one of the most important of military objectives, and the layman would have expected a swift mobilisation in Palestine, where the Jews have been clamouring for an army and have, I believe, been promised one. Accounts I have seen suggest that the British authorities have recently treated them as enemies rather than friends. It is a discouraging prospect, but it is better to recognise the dangers than to have a repetition of the story of Narvik or Dakar.

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When the Military Training Act of early 1939 established a citizen army, intelligent people, including some brasshats, realised that special and up-to-date educational facilities should be provided for the militiamen. The Army Education Corps was quite inadequate for the needs of the new type of soldier. In co-operation with the Board of Education preparations were made for improved educational facilities but with the outbreak of war and the militiamen were merged with the regular forces and the War Office announced that it was impossible to proceed with the arrangements. Later it was decided to organise an educational service for the Home Forces and a Committee under the Chairmanship of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Haining (a very enlightened soldier) was appointed to report on the problem. We are now informed that the report was not framed for publication, but a pamphlet on Education in the War-Time Army has been issued in its stead. It is not a very inspiring document and it looks as if the whole business has got into the hands of superannuated, if not reactionary, elements. In the first place education, a problem in itself, is mixed up with welfare and recreational needs. This probably means N.A.A.F.I. first, E.N.S.A. second, and education a bad third. Some of the main organisational proposals are sound, for example that a suitable officer should be appointed to every unit to be responsible for educational needs. But it looks as if the specialist staffs to be appointed for Commands, Areas and Divisions will be manned by the old regular officers of the Army Education Corps and the Corps has lagged considerably behind the progress of ideas in civil education. In 1918 the Report on "Education in the Army" (Command 9225) included the provision that the curriculum should be based upon those subjects associated with citizenship. The pamphlet makes no such proposal about training in the essentials of democratic theory and practice, but only about interesting talks given by the right men in the right manner on the right subject. We imagine that a selection of the right men and the right subjects made under the inspiration of Lord Croft would hardly coincide with that made by the Master of Balliol.

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How is the purchase tax going to work at the outset? Sir Kingsley Wood has declared that old stocks must be sold at pre-tax prices. Apart from the legitimate argument of retailers about replacement values there will be the anomaly of two prices in the market. Who are the lucky purchasers who will get the old stock? This is another gift to the people with motor cars who can run round from town to town ferreting out bargains just as they can pop out into the country and get eggs. Sir K. Wood's announcement was another example of the inveterate habit of governments in diverting attention and wrath to the so-called profiteer. We had enough of that in the last war. The Government is in control of the productive and monetary machine and it is responsible for the equitable allocation of supplies. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food said in reply to a question that he was aware that excessive prices had been charged for onions but that he could not agree that there was an adequate supply or that an adequate supply could be made available in the near future. Now if supply is short in a free market the price will rise and the price which clears the market is the economic price. If this is too high for humble purchasers, the remedy is rationing and not a hint or a threat that the Government has its eye on wicked greengrocers.

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English justice is sometimes almost pedantic in its solicitude for the accused person, but it is also extremely expensive. A friend recently had occasion to be in the old town hall of King's Lynn where the quarter sessions were held. There were six justices on the bench, counsel and solicitors from Norwich, a shorthand writer from London, various witnesses in attendance, no end of police officers, and, presumably, though I did not see them, a number of persons summoned to attend as jurors. The sole business was to hear a prosecution of a young fellow charged with making a false declaration under the Marriage and Registration Acts. When he appeared in the dock it was discovered that the country court had committed him to the wrong place, he should not have been sent to quarter sessions at all but to the assizes. Accordingly to the assizes he was recommitted, the court rested from its labours, the paraphernalia of justice was dispersed, and all the persons concerned in the case were bound over to appear ten days hence at the county town. I hesitate to reckon up the bill of costs.

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A very important manifesto signed by Sir Hubert Gough, Henry Harrison, Maurice Healey, and a number of others who know the Irish situation well has been sent to the Prime Minister. It urges the folly of having in Northern Ireland not a popular Home Guard, as we have, but a body of Ulster Defence Volunteers which is embodied as a branch of the B Special Constabulary. "By this one fact it has at once become identified with all the most bitter sectarian and political differences which have long divided Northern Ireland opinion." Such an army in Ulster is a breach of the law which excludes defence from the powers of the Ulster Legislature, but it appears to have been set up in consultation with Whitehall. The dangers of this folly are so apparent that the Prime Minister cannot miss them.

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Talking of education, which is becoming a prize to be fought for amidst the dangers of the Blitzkrieg and the discomforts of transport, Birkbeck and Morley Colleges are to be congratulated on organising courses for students during daylight hours on Saturdays and Sundays. Birkbeck is also recommencing lunch-hour lectures at 1.15 on November 1st with a course by C. E. M. Joad on *Some Problems of Philosophy*.

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Sometimes one learns from experience—too late. But not too late to pass on the experience usefully. I boast of being the only man in London who has been bombed off a lavatory seat while reading Jane Austen. She went into the bath; I went through the door. If *all* the windows had been open a few inches top and bottom, those of them that were broken might still be intact. If the chimneys had been swept less soot would have come down on to the furniture. Internal doors should also be left open and valuable furniture be placed against solid walls and in the spaces in between windows.

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From the North of England I hear that a man has been standing at a street corner with a placard: "Give sixpence to the Spitfire fund and I will listen to the story of 'how you were bombed.'"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Beatrice Norman.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," c/o The Cornwall Press, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, S.E.1.

An officer in the W.A.A.F. was surprised to learn that her detachment at one of the biggest R.A.F. stations in the country prefer going for a route march to playing hockey or netball.

The explanation of this preference, so much opposed to the ideas of the male soldier, is essentially feminine. It is, says the officer, the glamour the girls feel they achieve by marching in a body, and being stared at as they pass through the villages.

"Can we go for a march if we do extra well to-day, ma'am?" is a frequent request.—*Evening Standard.*

At Middlesbrough Police Court yesterday, a solicitor, asking for excuse from attendance of a client, said: "In the first place he is a man of not very bright intellect. Secondly, he is employed on important Government work." —*Newcastle Journal.*

It is exceedingly easy to become demoralised in shelter habits and attention to one's appearance makes bombs seem much less final.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Readers continue to complain of delays in the postal, telegraph, and telephone services. There is specially strong criticism of the lack of telephone facilities during periods of "Alert."

The Rev. G. Gordon, vicar of Poling, writes: . . . I had occasion to telephone about the arrangement (urgent) of divine service in a parish whose incumbent was seriously ill suddenly on Saturday night. I was informed that no call could be put through, although I said it was in the service of Almighty God. The reply was that His name was not on the list of urgent calls.—*Times.*

TOWN PLANNING—NOW

AFTER the Great Fire of London Sir Christopher Wren produced a master plan for the rebuilding of the city, but very little of the plan was adhered to and the isolated beauty of Wren's churches were in the end his main contribution to the improvement of the metropolis. After the blitzkrieg there must be another master plan ready for immediate use, but this time the considered plans for the capital must not be set aside. The main obstacle on which Wren's plans were wrecked was the insistence of the property owners of those days on rebuilding their premises on the exact sites where they had stood before. That mentality remains, and complicated by all the other problems of local rateable values, compensation and the like can wreck the plans of to-morrow just as easily as it wrecked the plans of three centuries ago.

There have been a number of articles in the Press, and there are influential and informed bodies who have already begun to work on the vast mass of information that exists, and at least one of which is making the Barlow Report its working basis. But more important than all these at the moment are the steps which the Government are or are not going to take to make any planning possible. There is the new Ministry of Building and Public Works whose powers have not yet been clearly defined. There is the new Bill to set up an Air Raid Compensation Fund, the outlines of which are not yet finally known. In both these cases the powers that the Government are prepared to take on themselves now may well prove decisive when rebuilding actually begins.

The Ministry of Building have already been given the power to control all civil building in the interests of the war effort. Now is the time to make it clear that these are powers that will be continued in the interests of reconstruction for at least ten years after the war is over. Various departments have control over material supplies and prices for war purposes; it should be established now that these controls will have to be continued throughout the period of reconstruction, and will not be relaxed even temporarily as they were after the last war. The control of cement supplies has already been discussed in these pages; it only serves to show that when there is difficulty in bringing supplies into line when the nation is fighting for its life, there will be ten times as many obstructions put in the way of peacetime reconstruction.

The new Air Raid Compensation Bill is based on two valuations of property, the assessment of the value of all buildings for taxation purposes and of bombed buildings for the purposes of compensation. What are the principles on which these valuations will be made, and who is going to apply them? We are led to believe that these valuations will be as at March, 1939. But will those values in fact be able to be maintained, or will the owners of idle and non-productive property in centres like London be able to make a case against the 1939 values on grounds of hardship. There will be owners pressing for a reduction of their valuations in order to decrease their taxes, and others who are pressing for higher figures in order to increase their compensation. It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the needs of the tenants, who will so obviously be made to pay in the long run, and to whose defence the State and the Tenants' Leagues have had to come already.

Just as it is necessary for the prices and supplies of materials to be controlled, so is it necessary for the financial machinery, of which the payment of air raid compensation is only a single aspect, to be related to plans which are made in the public interest. These plans will often conflict with the ideas and the limited interests of the property owners; it must be made certain at every stage that the public interest prevails. This immediate Bill must therefore include the strongest possible provisions, enabling the Government or Local Authorities to make the payment of compensation dependent on conformity both in building and the location of buildings on their whole plan for the area concerned. In return it must be made equally certain that compensation is not tied to the site or which the damage has occurred, and once again providing that the rebuilding conforms to the plan of whatever area the owner selects and the relocation of industry conforms to any national plan there may be, then the compensation should be readily available in any part of the country.

There remain many other problems, such as partial rebuilding, or the cases of those who claim compensation but do not propose to rebuild at all. These are important in terms of the reinvestment or, alternatively, the expenditure of this part of the nation's capital, but they are less urgent than the establishment now of the controls that have been discussed above.

Finally, there is the sad fact that the speculator has already seen his chance. Long before March, 1939, there were men who had planned evacuation in case of war, and there were others who had realised war's effects on property values. They are the core of a new and most obstinate vested interest which should be given its notice to quit right now.

Rebuilding and town planning may seem to belong to the remote future after the colossal effort that has yet to be made in war. But when it is possible to foresee and to provide for our future needs in Peace it should be done now.

STATE CAPITALISM—THE COMING REVOLUTION.—II

[In this and the preceding article which appeared in our issue of October 19th Mr. Davenport, formerly well known to readers of the City page of the *Nation* and of the *N.S. & N.* as "Toreador," outlines his personal views of what ought to be done.]

NO ONE, except an intellectual of the Left, can believe that we are fighting this war for capitalism. It is so painfully obvious that Hitler stands for material power and is ravening after world dominion that we have no choice but to fight for the freedom of our souls and bodies, whether we are capitalists or not. We are forced onto the side of the angels. Let us hope that we are found worthy. But our intellectuals cannot see it. Mr. G. D. H. Cole declares*: "Capitalism in this war is represented not by fascism . . . but by us. . . . We cannot get away from the fact that from the standpoint of the twentieth century Great Britain stands for an obsolete, rentier, imperialistic capitalism, essentially uncreative and obstructive." This was written before Mr. Chamberlain resigned the Premiership, which may explain its vehemence, but it is grotesquely untrue. It is what Dr. Goebbels would like the world to believe, but that father of lies knows, even if Mr. Cole or the Conservative Party caucus do not, that the old imperialistic capitalism died in Great Britain on the outbreak of war and will never be restored. Even Mr. Churchill, if he tried to restore it, would be swept from office. Revolutionary ideas about the national economy are stirring. There are capitalists as well as workers who are tired of the existing disorder, resentful at economic misgovernment and muddle, dissatisfied with an unintelligent currency and credit system and already disposed to try out a new order of things. My scheme of State Capitalism is not before its time.

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* *Where Stands Democracy*, Fabian Essays (Macmillan, 1940).

It is not so impossible as it sounds. If a Conservative-cum-Labour Government can even talk of the conscription of capital to match conscription of labour it should not be so difficult for non-party public opinion to accept a lightning transition from the old form of private capitalism to the new form of State Capitalism. Indeed, if we are to maintain industrial morale and win the war, the sooner we make the transition the better. If we do not make it willingly, we may have it thrust upon us with blood and tears. It may seem revolutionary to propose that Parliament should pass a law vesting the ownership of all capital in the State and declaring that what capital the State cannot efficiently or practically use and exploit itself it will lease to private companies and individuals to use and exploit on a royalty basis " on terms." But it is a revolution primarily in thinking. It does not involve a violent social upheaval or the scrapping of every existing institution. It is not destructive of anything except the indecent and the inefficient. It is actually a revolutionary plan which can be carried through smoothly—without crying any halt to economic life.

I am not suggesting that there is any crime in owning capital. Every worker's ambition is to save and to accumulate a little capital. I maintain only that the right to own and dispose of capital is derived from the State and must be regulated by the State. Indeed the State would become the sole capitalist. It would own the land, the buildings, the plant and equipment, the cash and securities, in fact, the whole stock of fixed and working capital now in private hands. It would immediately take over what it could usefully and practicably exploit and compensate the dispossessed private holders by way of Government bonds of a maturity appropriate to the customary years' purchase. It would not be practicable, of course, to take over and husband all the land or all the cash and securities. Homes and gardens would be left in private hands and the owners would pay a rent to the State in place of Schedule A Tax. Farms which were being efficiently managed would be left in the farmers' hands, each becoming a tenancy of the State. I imagine that State farms would be established only in the backward or difficult areas. As for the cash and securities, they would be left on lease in private hands—subject always to the contingency of forced loans or capital levies—on the understanding that the owners pay an interest charge to the State banks for safe-holding the cash—a tax on hoarding, which could be stepped up if under-investment threatened. The private lease-holder would be free to invest his cash and to exchange his securities, but he would find that his securities or investments would be confined to two classes of enterprise—the State-operated on the one hand, and the privately operated on State lease on the other. A reformed Stock Exchange would be dealing actively in either class. The first class would be called Public Board stocks divided into fixed interest and equity and the equity dividends would vary within a range of, say, 4 per cent. to 8 per cent. These stocks would be issued in exchange for the stocks and shares of the companies acquired by the State. The maximum capital which any individual would be permitted to hold on State lease in the form of cash, securities, land or fixed assets should be, I suggest, £100,000. In the new order of things we must all be richer and keep our aim high.

Let us next examine the dividing line between the enterprises State-operated and those run privately on State lease. It is fair to assume that the State takes over public services and public utilities, but it is imperative that they should be managed on individual lines and that the State should leave in private hands on lease every enterprise which calls for special imagination or the spirit of adventure. I am not enamoured of the " civil service " type of mind which can only be attuned to humdrum administration. If the new State is to flourish it must evoke the creative impulse of the individual. There is a big field for individual talent in the public services and public utilities alone. I submit that each should be managed by a Commissioner, specially chosen for his ability and enthusiasm for the job, who should be responsible only to a board of directors and through them to the Minister in Parliament. I would see that each Commissioner made his own rules independently of the Treasury and the Civil Service, and I would let him hold office as long as he was productive of new ideas. We understand this dictator-cum-democrat form of business or social administration in this country. It enables us to keep things moving—to pick key men for key jobs and to sack them when they cease to have ideas.

Within the public services (distinguished from the public utilities in that every citizen must use them) one must include the post office, cables and wireless, broadcasting, water and drainage, harbours, docks, roads and railways and banking, not to mention education, health and amusement. I do not suppose this list will frighten anyone except the bank and railway directors, the governors and headmasters of public and private schools, the fashionable doctors and Harley Street specialists and the amusement racketeers. The nationalisation of the banks and the railways is long overdue. The railway bosses have recently been able to exact from the Government a wartime agreement which not only enables them to have a virtual monopoly of traffic but to retain half their increased earnings (up to a maximum), although all other industries have to give up their entire increase. That private capital should be able to exploit its power so successfully for the sake of its own dividends is not usually tolerated, but the railway bosses are influential. The late Lord Horne, chairman of the Great Western, with his forty or fifty directorships, was once fittingly described " as a permanent first charge on British industry." The power and influence of these great capitalists must be cut short. So with the banks, whose tentacles reach out into every corner of our business life. The bank directors are chosen not for their abilities but because of their possession of great wealth, because of their usefulness in introducing new banking accounts from one of the Big Five to another. Now finance requires an expert knowledge of economics and currency. It is not picked up on the playing fields of Eton or in the counting houses of big business, but it can be taught to the best brains of the board schools or acquired by experience in the public service of a nationalised banking system. The first step to this overdue reform would be the State control of that papal court, the Bank of England, and the overthrow of its pope, who now rules the financial City of London absolutely through some traditional divine right of hocus-pocus. When the Governor of the Bank is appointed by the State on the grounds of individual scientific merit, we may have a currency system which is sanely and intelligently operated for the community as a whole.

Discussion of the State control of the health and education services I must leave to the experts, but I have a word to say on the amusement services, dictated by my own experience. No industries want a more thorough cleansing than the theatres and the film, but we must do more than cleanse. We must have a National Theatre and a National Film Centre where State funds can provide a nursery for native talent. These centres will not handicap but assist the private leases of State theatres and State studios. No nation can be great without self-expression in play and film. No cultural propaganda can be attempted without State supervision of theatrical and film production. A country which neglects its own theatres, its newsreels and its documentary films is throwing away the greatest weapon at its peaceful disposal in international affairs.

Public utilities should comprise such investment industries as gas, electricity, coal, iron and steel, heavy engineering, cement, building, chemicals, such consumption trades as drink (beer and spirits), milk, meat, sugar, etc., and such exotic enterprises as newspapers, jobbing on the Stock Exchange and placing and issuing capital. Most of these items need no particular argument. It is important that the investment industries should be State-operated because the State must control the rate of investment if it is to maintain economic equilibrium. That private capital should decide whether a vast plant such as Richard Thomas should be operated or closed down or whether a new steel works should or should not be built at Jarrow is indefensible when the State is responsible for stable employment.

Including newspapers, stock jobbing and the placing of capital in the list of State-operated public utilities may seem peculiar, but the case for it can be proved. Something has to be done about newspaper millionaires. The display and exercise of great wealth are always indecent, but when a successful newspaper proprietor makes a million or two, receives a peerage and attempts to coerce public opinion through a manipulated circulation, it shocks our new sense of the social proprieties. Newspapers should represent sections of public opinion and should be controlled by trustees appointed by a panel of representative public men. A law to prohibit their control by private enterprise and to limit the percentage of earnings allowed on capital invested in these newspaper trusts is the simple way to end this abuse.

The City calls for other treatment. A reformed Stock Exchange under national charter and control, with licensed brokers qualified to act as financial agents and advisers, with Government specialists acting as jobbers, with a Government Issue and Placing Commissioner displacing the irresponsible financiers and issue houses, whose job it will be to find capital for private enterprise working on Government leases, and with a National Investment Board to regulate the flow of capital issues on the public market—these reforms would go far to clean up the City and transform it into a decent public utility. I have only space to sketch in an outline of these revolutionary changes.

Outside these public services and utilities there would be a vast field of business activity which the State would hand over to private enterprise to operate on State lease—on payment of an annual royalty or rent. This royalty would be the first charge on profits and thereafter the business would be allowed to earn up to a fixed percentage on its equity capital varying with the different risks which it was undertaking—say from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent. If, say, a privately operated company were launched to develop an invention from which, if proved, the State would benefit greatly (say a new farm tractor), this enterprise should be encouraged by being allowed to earn, say, 25 per cent. on its equity capital—subject always to the existing taxation. Or, if a private company were formed to make a film which, if successful, would enhance the reputation of British culture (a terrifying gamble !) it might even be allowed to earn up to 50 per cent. Private leaseholders of capital would be free to invest their cash in privately operated State leases, provided the issue conformed to the rules of the Issue and Placing Commissioner and the requirements of the National Investment Board. We must keep private enterprise alive and adventurous (though controlled) if production is to expand in our new State. And if the output of goods is not to expand, in other words, if we are not to get wealthier, there is no point in this revolution.

Business activity, whether State-operated or privately operated on State lease, would not, of course, prosper in the new order of things unless there were a supreme directing mind at the head of our economic affairs. We have never had an Economic Mind in this country or even a coherent economic policy. No politician has ever understood economics. So we must create new machinery. We must set up an Economic Planning Committee of the Cabinet, assisted by a permanent secretariat which may be called the Economic General Staff. I suggested some machinery on these lines as long ago as 1932 when I wrote two articles in this journal on a National Investment Board. But not even for this war has any such machinery been devised. The Economic Planning Committee of the Cabinet should here and now be planning first, a sane currency and credit system for the return of peace based upon the only wealth there ever is, which is services (gold will be retained only for international settlements); secondly, a scheme for the regulation and direction of national investment aimed at the elimination of booms and slumps and the stability of employment; thirdly, a scheme for the control of raw materials involving Import Boards at home and an International or Colonial Board abroad, linked up, I hope, with a realistic *Economic* League of Nations in place of the fantastically unreal political League of Nations which disgraced the name of Europe. There is no time to dilate on the enormous potentiality for good which State Capitalism at home would bring into international affairs, but I believe the adoption of the plan I have outlined would inspire the workers to a new enthusiasm. As the bombing goes on they will want it.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

I HAVE recently arrived at the dignified status of a grandfather. It seems odd that I used to think of grandfathers and grandmothers as very old people—no longer, so to speak, on the active list and worthy of respect. Perhaps, grandparents used to be older and more respectable than they are nowadays. They certainly looked it.

The only grandfather whom I knew was already going blind when I first met him. He was at that time a cheerful old man with side-whiskers who, when his grandchildren arrived at the farm, always entertained them in the drawing-room after tea by singing a song called " Free and Easy." As he grew older he became less sociable, and liked to sit hour after hour, silent or grumbling, in a wooden armchair by the turf fire in the kitchen, his bad-tempered terrier, Prince, lying at his feet. None of us was allowed to touch Prince : he could bear the attentions of no human being except my grandfather. To my grandfather he was as Mary's little lamb. When the old man rose to feel his way with his oaken stick, as thick as the leg of a table, into the farmyard, Prince always saw him on his journey and saw him safely back to his chimney-corner. It was Prince, I think, and the savage black retriever living on a chain in a kennel in the yard that sowed in me early a distrust of dogs that still persists.

My feelings towards my grandfather were, I fancy, those of respect rather than of love. My father always addressed him as " sir " ; and I sometimes followed suit. Having a very elementary sense of humour, however, I used to pronounce " No, sir " " Noser," hoping to make my sister laugh. I never succeeded. For the rest I remember my grandfather chiefly as an old man who liked to have the London Letter of the *Northern* Whig read aloud to him. Others of his grandchildren have told me that they used to lie quaking in their beds at night as they listened in the darkness to the old man groaning and muttering his prayers hour after hour from his bed in the next room. He must have been about ninety years old when he died, deeply regretted by two daughters who had devoted their whole lives to him.

My other grandfather died before I was born. He was a Presbyterian minister who loved fighting landlords. " The only difference between an Irish tenant farmer and a negro slave," he once told an enthusiastic audience in Belfast, " could be wiped out with a whitewash brush." He had a passionate hatred of slavery in all its forms, and, indeed, on one occasion had runaway slaves staying in his manse as guests.

It was his widow who was the cause of my lifelong adoration of grandmothers. She was a tall, stately, and, I thought and think still, an exceedingly beautiful woman. She wore gold-rimmed spectacles and part of her silver hair was curled round two little tortoiseshell combs at the sides of her head. She always wore a cap. She must have been a woman of some character for, left with an income of £70 a year from some widows' and orphans' fund, she brought up a large family and sent her three sons to college. She believed that all she had accomplished was due to her faith in God. She lived all through the days of her poverty in the serene confidence that the Lord would provide, and she held that the truth of this had been proved by her experience. It was she who urged me never to put money in a bank, as to do so was to show distrust in God's providence.

She was infinitely pious, yet without any of that busybody piousness that irritates the young. She was pleasantly secular in her conversation and never preached unless it was preaching to reprove a grandson for saying " Faith ! " as an exclamation. She held that such exclamations as " Faith ! " " Faix ! " and " Troth ! " were oaths and that to utter them was to be guilty of the sin of swearing. No one resented her pious remonstrances, however. Her piety sat on her, so naturally. As a child I particularly enjoyed listening to her reading her morning and evening chapters from the Scriptures and passages from two books by Spurgeon called *Morning by Morning* and *Evening by Evening*. I do not know whether the works of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are still readable, but in those days they were probably read as widely as the work of any novelist. Every week a new sermon was published and eagerly read in town and country. I heard of one old farmer who used to have the sermons read aloud to him and who, in his enthusiasm over a passage that seemed to him exceptionally good would exclaim : " Good Spurgeon ! Good, by God ! " My grandmother would not have approved of that, but her sentiments were probably much the same.

Her religious faith did not exclude what is called superstition. She told me that she had seen her husband's face in a dream before she met him, and that on meeting him for the first time she had recognised him at once as the man she had seen in her dream. She also told me that she had never dreamt of losing a tooth without hearing of a friend's death shortly afterwards. I do not think I ever doubted her stories of her dreams any more than I doubted her quite terrifying stories of kidnappers and men who robbed graves to sell the bodies to dissectors. She could look curiously like a witch when she was telling a tale of horror, but a nice witch.

The last years of her life were spent in a series of visits to the houses of her sons and daughters. Homeless herself, she was at home wherever she went. Never was a guest more welcome on arrival ; never was a guest more reluctantly allowed to depart. To know that she was coming to stay was like looking forward to a birthday : when she went away, it was as if a light had gone out. Strange to say, she is not one of the relations whom I associate with material kindness. I doubt whether she ever gave us money or other presents. I am sure I should have remembered it if she had, for I have an avaricious memory of every two-shilling-bit and half-crown that any relation or visitor gave me in those days. She herself was her present to us. That is the only explanation I can think of for my devotion to a relative who never gave me any money.

She was staying with us at the seaside when she died. I can remember only two things of her last illness. One is the pleasure she took in the last compliment that was paid to her on earth. When the doctor came to visit her one day he saw one of her feet protruding from under the bed-clothes, and exclaimed with as much truth as gallantry: "What a beautiful foot you have, ma'am!" She laughed happily as she repeated that compliment after his departure. The other memory is of sitting beside her bed as she lay half-conscious and murmured to herself in a voice of grief: "He asked God to damn their souls, He asked God to damn their souls." I could not make out what she was talking about, but I was told afterwards. She had been recently staying with one of her sons, a doctor who had ordered a special dish to be prepared and brought to her bedroom. Something went wrong with the dish in the kitchen—so wrong that, when the housemaid brought it to the bedroom, he flew into a rage and used some expression with the word "damn" in it. My grandmother, unfortunately, took words literally. To her Hell and damnation were the most awful realities in the universe, and to use them even in a hot-tempered oath was actually to pray that the person damned should suffer eternal torment in Hell-fire. As she lay grieving over the remembered words, however, she was grieving, not because she feared that her son's prayer would be answered but because she feared that her son himself might be sent to Hell for uttering such a wish. Strange how the gentlest of human beings could believe in those days in the mercilessness of a merciful God! No doubt, however, many of our own beliefs are equally irrational.

Looking back, I am undecided whether it is better to be a grandchild or a grandparent. The correct answer is probably: "It is better to be both." Being a grandchild, however, was more of a day-long luxury. If I had not been a grandchild, I might have missed those annual summer months on the farm, where I knew every horse and cow by name and as a separate personality. I might not have acquired my undying affection for pigs. I might not have learned the difference between a Dorking hen and a Brahmaputra. I should not have met William Boyce, who lost an arm in the scutching-mill and had it buried in the graveyard in advance of the rest of his body. In other words, I should not have lived. Hence I conclude that there must be something to be said for grandparents. I hope that this does not sound too vain coming from one who is now a novice in their ranks.

Y. Y.

EVERY MORNING

As they ride out every morning from their homes upon their bikes
(with a small-sized flask of coffee and a slice of bread-and-scrape);
with the frost in their moustaches, trailing steamy wisps of breath;
like newly-hatched, bedraggled chicks the suburbs sadly chirp.

With hands benumbed the grocer takes his iron shutters down.
The dreary daily roundelay begins at its first note;
but silent are the cyclists as they pedal through the fog,
and silent at the crossroads where with nods they separate.

From the slogans that are scrawled on walls of factories to tell
of hunger and of tyranny, their glances can't escape
as they pedal past in silence every morning on their bikes
(with a small-sized flask of coffee and a slice of bread-and-scrape).

DAVID GASCOYNE
(Translated from the Czech of Victor Fischl)

EDIBLE AND POISONOUS FUNGI

FUNGI have been used as food throughout the world from time immemorial to the present day. In this country, however, their use gradually declined and is now almost confined to the Common Mushroom. While this species is diligently looked for in the fields and also cultivated in large quantities for the market, all other varieties, including some even commoner than the "Common Mushroom" and at least as palatable, are summarily rejected as "toadstools."

This change brought about the disappearance of many good things from the kitchen, and the loss of the relevant knowledge. Like folk-songs and folk-dances the art of cooking fungi was forgotten, and perhaps like the former it can be revived. Fungi are plentiful throughout our countryside and, provided weather is favourable, can be eaten fresh during the greater part of the year. In addition several of the edible varieties have the invaluable quality of keeping indefinitely (after being properly dried) and of being easily stored and transported. This year the crop in May, June and the first half of July was so good that we could have made stores of fungi sufficient for the rest of the year. Owing to the drought they almost disappeared after that, but had reappeared in abundance again by the end of September. The best months for edible fungi are October and November. Is there not an opportunity in these months to do something worth while in the way of augmenting our food supplies? Let me deal with the two current objections to the use of fungi as food—the danger of poisoning and their supposed small food value.

There are many kinds of fungi. Some are edible, some are not palatable, and some are poisonous. Although the latter are comparatively few, the risks are real, unless people know how to recognise the poisonous varieties. There is no "rule of thumb" method of ascertaining whether a fungus is edible or poisonous. As a British mycologist puts it: the one golden rule is not to eat a fungus until its identity is certain. But, it might be suggested, it takes time to acquire such knowledge, time which we can ill afford to spend under war conditions. Fortunately we have a few species which are so excellent from the food point of view that, without going any deeper into mycology, we need only concentrate our attention on these. With the necessary guidance anybody can learn to identify these with accuracy in a very short time.

Are fungi nourishing? In the development of the science of nutrition views on the food-value of fungi have undergone considerable change. At first the appraisal was very high on account of their high nitrogen content. Fungi were considered then as a substitute for meat—the highest tribute which could be paid at a time when "more meat and whiter bread" was a slogan of the day. Later it was found, however, that only a fraction of the protein in fungi is digestible. This discovery brought them into disrepute, and it was considered that their use was more in the nature of a condiment making other food palatable than in affording "real" food. This argument, prevalent during the last war, was responsible for the fact that fungi were not given greater attention at that time.

In the interval between the two wars conceptions of diet adequate for health have changed. In the light of the newer knowledge fungi must be valued not only as energy-yielding (the only consideration during the last war) but also as protective food because of their vitamin and mineral content. In this fungi are comparable to vegetables, for it has been found* that in protein, fats and carbohydrates fresh fungi are at least equal to fresh vegetables. The mineral content of the former is somewhat poorer, but they are rich in salts containing valuable potassium and phosphorus compounds. These conclusions are based on analysis of several species of fungi popular on the Continent. Prejudice has so far concentrated research in this country on the Common Mushroom. But spectrographic analysis carried out in 1930 (see *Nature*, August 23rd, 1930) confirmed a high potassium and low calcium content of this fungus, while the percentage of phosphorus (in its dried state) varied from about 1 to 3.

Knowledge about the vitamin content of fungi is still in its infancy. It appears that many edible species, including some of those most common in this country, for instance the delicious Fairy Ring Mushroom, have not yet been tested. According to information available to date appreciable content of vitamins B, C and D has been found in the Common Mushroom. Vitamin D has been found in even greater quantities in the Edible Boletus, Chantarell and the Common Morel.†

On the whole, however, this field remains so much unexplored that judgment has to rely on experience rather than experiments. In addition to their palatability, the fact that fungi belong to the staple foods of millions of people throughout the world should encourage us also to make more use of them.

One of the first things required, should a food education campaign for the greater use of fungi be started, is a popular and reliable guide-book. *Edible and Poisonous Fungi*, published by the Ministry of Agriculture (5th Edition, 1940, price 2*s.* 6*d.*), is the nearest approach; but I have had it on my desk and in the field for several years (in its previous editions), and came to the conclusion that it does not answer the purpose. It is too luxurious a publication. The 25 plates, though improved in the last edition, still give inadequate representation of the species, the 25 pages of text are half empty, and the price is much too high. The book includes species not common enough to warrant inclusion, and the information given, altogether too scanty, hardly touches upon the food aspect. Confined perhaps to a still fewer number of species it should, within this limited scope, be more comprehensive and accurate, for instance, with regard to season and location. Last but not least it should contain information about the uses of fungi as food, directions for storing and recipes for cooking. In short it should be written and illustrated anew.

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* Prof. Salatitshka: "Die Bedeutung der Pilze als Lebensmittel," *Zeitschrift für Ernährung*, Berlin, 1931.

† Fixsen and Roscoe (1938): Tables of the vitamin content of human and animal foods. *Nutrition Abstracts and Reviews*, Vol. 7.

ALEXANDER BLOCK

AN INCIDENT IN THE TRAIN

A MOST amusing thing happened to me when I was travelling by train some time last autumn.

I was going from Rostov to Moscow. There were not so very many people on the train. It was even possible to sit down.

Of course, the passengers had to move closer to one another to make room for me on the seat. But they didn't make any fuss. And as soon as I was settled, I looked round the compartment to see what sort of people my fellow-travellers were.

The day was drawing to a close. The light was failing, but there was no illumination in the carriage as they were economising on electricity.

I looked round the compartment at my fellow travellers, and said to myself that they looked the right sort of people. Rather nice, and not at all stuck-up.

One man, without a hat, had long hair, but I knew he wasn't a priest. He was dressed in black and appeared to be an educated person.

Next to him sat another man, wearing top boots and a peaked cap. He had a long moustache and a badge on his cap. But he was not an engineer. He might have been a keeper from the zoo, or perhaps a specialist in agriculture. But whatever his trade, he clearly was a kind man. He was holding a penknife and cutting an apple into small pieces, with which he fed another man, who sat next to him—a man without arms.

That one was quite a youth, and obviously a proletarian. No doubt a labour invalid. Pitiful to look at.

He was, however, eating the apple with an excellent appetite. And the man in the peaked cap kept on feeding him from the end of his penknife. A very touching picture indeed. Worthy of a Rembrandt, one might say.

Opposite these two sat a middle-aged man with grey hair, and a black cloth cap on. I noticed that he was sniggering all the time. Perhaps they had been talking about something very amusing just before I came in. And he clearly had not had the time to calm down, but kept on chuckling to himself: "Ha! Ha!" and "He! He!"

I, however, was much more interested in the young man without arms.

I gazed at him with a feeling of great sympathy, and was dying to ask him how he had managed to be so clumsy as to lose both his arms at one go. But I naturally did not like asking him that without preparation, and decided to wait until the passengers got accustomed to my presence.

I started a general conversation with the man who had the long moustache but did not find him very chatty. He answered my questions unwillingly and sulkily. On the other hand, the long-haired intellectual immediately joined in the conversation, and we exchanged remarks of a general kind, such as telling each other how far we were travelling, and discussing the price of cabbage, and the housing crisis in the towns where we lived.

"There's no housing crisis in the place where I live," he declared. "I live in a country house on an estate."

"And what accommodation have you there? A room, a dog's kennel, or what?"

"Why a dog's kennel? I've got something much better. I have nine rooms, not counting the stables, the bathrooms and the servants' quarters."

"You are, of course, joking," said I. "If you had nine rooms, they would have turned you out of the house right at the beginning of the revolution. Or are you living on a collective farm?"

"Not at all," said he. "I'm living on my family estate, in a self-contained mansion. You'd better come and see me there. I give parties sometimes. There are fountains in my garden functioning day and night. And a symphony orchestra plays waltzes every five minutes."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I still don't quite understand. Are you hiring this property from the State, or do you own it as a private individual?"

"I am a private individual," he replied. "A landowner, if you please."

"But I thought that the Russian revolution had wiped out your category. I cannot quite fit things together, if you don't mind my saying so. Surely we have had a social revolution, and now we have Socialism. How can we have landowners?"

"Just like this," said he. "Here I am—a landowner. I have survived the revolution. I passed through everything unharmed. I spit at everything, and I live like a god. And I don't care a damn about your social revolutions."

I stared at him in amazement, not knowing what to say next. He continued:

"You'd better come and see for yourself. Come now if you wish. Stop with us on the way. You'll see what a luxurious life a country gentleman can lead. Will you come?"

I didn't know what to say, especially as the grey-haired gent kept on chuckling all the time. I even thought of reproaching him with this tactless behaviour, when the man with the moustache turned and spoke to me. He had just finished off the apple, wiped the penknife and laid it on the table by the window.

"It's no use keeping up conversation with them," he said. "They're mental patients, don't you see?"

I looked round at the company again, and—my blood froze. Goodness gracious! They were clearly mental patients travelling with their guard. The long-haired man was obviously abnormal. And the one who was chuckling all the time. And the youth without arms was plainly a madman in a strait-jacket. His hands were tied behind his back, so that it was difficult to see that he had arms at all.

I stared at them in alarm, and my nervousness increased more and more. "These mentals are capable of anything," I thought, "they might even strangle me. They are not responsible for their actions."

And suddenly I noticed one of the madmen—a man with a black beard, who was sitting next to me and had not said a word—glance furtively at the penknife, and then pick it up cautiously from the table.

My heart leapt in my breast, and I went goose-fleshy all over. I sprang up like a cat, threw myself upon the bearded man and tried to pull the knife away from him.

He, the devil, fought desperately, and tried to bite me with his poisoned teeth.

Then to my surprise I felt the guard with the moustache pulling me back.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he shouted. "Are you mad? You've nearly smothered him. It's his knife. He's not mental, don't you see? These three men here are mentals; they're in my charge. But this one is just travelling like yourself. We borrowed the knife from him to cut the apple. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—attacking people like that."

The man whom I had tried to strangle drew in breath and said: "I call this wild behaviour, I do. Now they borrow a knife from me, and now they want to strangle me for taking it back. Something to be thankful for. Perhaps this man here is also mental, eh? And if you really are their keeper, why don't you look after them better?"

"He might be mental for all I know," said the keeper. "You can't always tell. But he's not one of my group, so I'm not responsible for him. And as for teaching me my duty, you'd better mind your own business. I'm looking after mine."

"I'm ready to apologize," I said to the half-strangled man. "I thought you, too, were mental."

"You thought!" he spluttered. "Fools alone *think!* You ought to look. Don't you see that these people have a mad look about them, and that I have a sane look?"

"No, I don't see that, I'm sorry to say," said I. "On the contrary, you have a vague look about your eyes, and the hair in your beard sticks up like a madman's."

"You'd better pull him by the beard," said one of the mentals, the landowner, "to stop him talking nonsense."

The bearded man looked for a moment as if he were going to scream for help, but the train stopped, and all the mental patients with their keeper got off. They got off in perfect order, only the young man without arms had to be pushed a little from behind. I was left alone with the bearded man.

The episode did not upset me much, but he scowled at me for a long time, and watched my every movement with obvious fear. Then, clearly convinced that my company was too dangerous, he picked up his things and moved to another compartment.

I did not mind that. I had nothing against him.

MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

(*Translated by Elisaveta Fen*)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Edison the Man," at the Empire

Edison the Man is good so far as Tracy goes. Those who saw the earlier film, with Mickey Rooney as young Tom, will be relieved to find that this boyhood has not interfered with Mr. Tracy's nose or manners. Except for a few sequences of old age he is allowed to go undisguised. Mr. Tracy is one of the very few actors who by merely walking on a screen can suggest extraordinary qualities. Without him, *Edison the Man* would be grey stuff. There can be few subjects less inherently dramatic than the lives of successful inventors, and the more useful and practical the inventions the less thrilling the biography. A courtship tapped out in morse on a water pipe, the moment when New York is plunged into electric light, a celebration dinner speech about the doubtful blessings of science—these add the indispensable touches of *genre*. For the rest, we have a string of inventions, some more exciting than others, and Tracy, Tracy all the way.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, October 26th—
- Fabian Society Lecture, Prof. W. M. Macmillan: "Freedom for Colonial Peoples," Central Hall, 2.15.
- G. D. R. Phillips: "The People of Buryat-Mongolia," 98 Gower Street, 2.30.

SUNDAY, October 27th—
- Prof. J. C. Flugel: "War and Herd Instinct," Conway Hall, 11.
- Lord Snell: "Machiavelli, Mazzini and Mussolini," 153 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, 11.

MONDAY, October 28th—
- Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, Gustav Moutet: "The French Colonies To-day," Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport Street, 1.
- Poetry Reading by John Laurie, Central Hall, 1.15. Collection for British Red Cross.

WEDNESDAY, October 30th—
- M. Michel Duchesne: Causerie avec lectures, Institut Français, 3.

Correspondence

B.B.C.—J. B. PRIESTLEY'S POSTSCRIPTS

SIR,—The announcement on the wireless last night by Mr. Priestley that he would no longer be giving the Sunday night postscripts has caused great bewilderment among very many people in this country.

We refuse to believe that this decision came entirely from Mr. Priestley, who, so far from being (as he expressed it) a "bore," has brought so much encouragement to all decent, democratic and social-minded people. And these people are, as Mr. Priestley himself said, in the majority.

It is therefore very alarming to suspect that some influence has been brought to bear on Mr. Priestley—or that the attitude of certain circles in this country has brought to an end this very fine series of talks. There were certain indications in last night's talk which suggested this.

We are told that this is a war for democracy, but in this connection, the disappearance of a convinced democrat from the wireless programme—one who is able to speak to and for the people—is definitely disturbing.

G. B. D. VERNON

Windy Hill,
Seer Green, Beaconsfield.

[We have several similar letters.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE CATHOLIC-LATIN MYTH

SIR,—Mr. Horsfall Carter's interesting and in many ways valuable article on the Catholic-Latin myth calls, I think, for some comment. While it makes clear that some circles in Italy, Spain and France are eager to "purge Europe" of all liberal, democratic and, by the same token, British influences, it does not point out the most important factor in this context—the relation of the Latin bloc myth to Nazi propaganda. It is safe to say that any doctrine which receives open attention and widespread publication in German Europe to-day does so only with the approval of Berlin, just as, for example, the Vichy Government exercises authority only by a German fiat. And if this Latin myth is gaining currency to-day, it is because the Nazis have good reasons for wishing to see it propagated. One reason is obvious enough. It drives the wedge between France and Britain deeper. It gives an ideological flavour to the conflict. It brings religious belief and feeling into the arena with all the embittering of relations that this entails.

But the propagation of the myth has wider and more dangerous implications. If the German propaganda machine can persuade the outside world that the Latin bloc is the official policy of the Church—rather than the dabblings of a group of politicians—it may be possible to drive a wedge not merely between combatant Britain and defeated France but between Catholics and non-Catholics in the free states of the West, in Britain and in the United States. For if by judicious manipulating of the myth the Nazis can throw suspicion on the loyalty of English-speaking Catholics and if they react to this suspicion by harbouring growing feelings of disgust towards a society in which—in spite of manifest loyalty—they have become the object of suspicion, then the Nazis will have scored yet another triumph in the field of disintegrating the moral unity of their opponents—a field where, without doubt, their greatest victories have been won. How many of your readers, for example, will not have reacted to Mr. Carter's article with a shrug and the comment, "I always thought Catholics were all Fascists"? And may not some of my co-religionists have put the article down angrily exclaiming, "This is simply 'Red' propaganda." And if some such reader has come across rather similar statements in the Anglican press and has read the comments of certain ecclesiastical authorities, he may well come to the conclusion that he can win V.C.s and George Medals and lead Britain into battle on the River Plate and still remain an alien and suspect in his own community.

In case this interpretation appears fantastic, it should be remembered that the honesty with which views are held is no guarantee that they will not be twisted for use by German propaganda. How much help did perfectly honest Communists give to Hitler when, backed as often as not by funds from Berlin of whose provenance they were ignorant, they rotted the armies of France in the months of inactivity which preceded the German onslaught? How many pacifist societies in the West have—unknown to themselves—received discreet help from German sources? Isolationism in America had no louder mouthpiece than German agents in the United States. After all, Hitler has made no secret of his intention of using honest men and honest opinions. Any reader turning up Dr. Rauschning's book *The Revolution of Destruction* will find the technique fully described.

If only the Nazi tactic of disintegration can be grasped, the Catholic-Latin myth and the like will be seen in their true perspective as curios of the German propaganda machine, for, however genuine the beliefs of the men who accept the myth, we in this country have to face the stark fact of a German controlled Europe in which the views of lesser states are ultimately of no importance. Therefore, if we wish to gauge the Church's attitude towards Hitlerism, we should be well advised to turn to the Pope's official utterances rather than to the ideologies of irresponsible politicians. Here the verdict is absolutely clear. Since the Encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge*, which appeared in 1937, the Popes have rarely spoken without condemning the state idolatry and pagan racialism of the Nazi system. One of the most recent and most significant statements is contained in Pius XII's Allocution of Christmas 1939. It is the first of Five Peace Points which all deserve study.

> A fundamental postulate of any just and honourable peace is an assurance for all nations, great or small, powerful or weak, of their right to life and independence. The will of one nation to live must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another.

There could hardly be a more open condemnation of predatory conquest and the doctrine of the *Lebensraum*.

There is one statement in Mr. Horsfall Carter's article with which I must quarrel—the suggestion that the Movement of the Sword of the Spirit is concerned to save the Church for democracy. The idea of "saving" for one particular political form an institution which has lived two thousand years through every variety of political regime is to a Catholic rather comic. But I like to think that Mr. Horsfall Carter was feeling after the truth of our position—our recognition that Nazi totalitarianism attacks every value which in two thousand years of Christian civilisation has made possible that flowering of individual liberty and individual responsibility which we, as citizens of the freest community in the world, recognise as our greatest privilege. If, in fighting for the triumph of freedom, truth, justice and charity—which we Catholics of England believe to be, in the broadest sense, our country's cause—we also fight for the recondition of the free state, we need not think of the Church being saved for democracy or democracy for the Church but rather recognise the interdependence of Europe's Christian tradition and the freedom of the Western world.

BARBARA WARD,
Hon. Secretary,
The Movement of the Sword of the Spirit,
108 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RED TAPE

SIR,—Those who imagine that the Government schemes for Evacuation from London are as simple and straightforward as possible find, when they come down to brass tacks, that there are an incredible number of petty limitations and unnecessary obstacles in the way of would-be evacuees.

For instance, unaccompanied children of school age or under, whose parents can make arrangements for accommodation with friends or relatives in reception areas are still (when billets are increasingly difficult to find) not granted free travel vouchers and may not obtain a billeting allowance unless their parents are assessed to contribute under 6s. a week to the allowance.

On September 30th this assessment condition was temporarily waived "in view of the present exceptional circumstances." Administrators contended that the Ministry of Health had at last had sufficient imagination to realise that many parents, who can afford to pay 6*s*., cannot afford to pay 8*s*. 6*d*. 10*s*. or 15*s*. a week as the case may be. But nothing of the sort—the "exceptional circumstances" referred to were merely that Assessors in the County of London were too busy to go carefully into assessments and the Ministry of Health wished to lighten their task. I could hardly believe this to be true so I rang up the Ministry of Health myself and learned that their intention was that as soon as Assessors had the time, the allowances in such cases should be withdrawn.

One or two other instances are worth mentioning. Mothers who now wish to join their evacuated children of school age may have their fares paid; mothers with children under school age have to pay their own. Mothers with children may draw allowances in Reception or Neutral Areas, but unaccompanied children privately evacuated may only claim allowances in Reception Areas. The blind may obtain free fare and an allowance for an attendant, but not the invalid. For ten days Scotland, although included in previous schemes, was not officially open to mothers with children of school age, expectant mothers, aged and infirm. However, mothers with children under five could go, obtain free fare vouchers and a billeting allowance.

Obstacles of this kind are legion. But there are some of greater magnitude. In Greater London there is no scheme at all for evacuating aged, infirm and invalid people unless they can find accommodation for themselves.

A Shelter Marshal rang me up on Friday to say that something must be done to evacuate an old lady who was literally dying before her eyes. She lived in a badly hit Middlesex Borough and, since she had no friends or relatives to whom to go, I had no official instructions which would meet her case. I suggested a few possibilities to the Marshal and returned to interview the long queue of mothers outside my door. I suspect that the old lady is still unevacuated.

Is it surprising that many workers are saying "the Government doesn't care?"

AN EVACUATION OFFICER

CIVIL LIBERTY

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has consistently championed the rights of aliens in this country and has protested against the intolerable muddle and, in many instances, cruelty involved in their unnecessary internment.

Day after day the National Council for Civil Liberties receives fresh appeals for help against injustice done not only to aliens but also to British subjects who have been the objects of police searches and persecution. Members of the Labour Party, Liberals, conscientious objectors, trade unionists, Communists and members of the Left Book Club have appealed to the Council for help, either against detention under Regulation 18b, searches of homes or confiscation of books—in short, intimidation. All these cases need investigation by the Council. They provide numerous examples of the spread of Fascist mentality and methods. When a Chief Constable is able to say to a Welsh dental mechanic, suspected of being a "Red," and who had Nazi flags in his possession (which were provided with a *Daily Express* war map), "I've got you where I want you at last. . . . I've got you and I'm going to keep you," it is time for all believers in civil liberty to take notice of what is happening throughout the country.

The first Emergency Conference held by the National Council for Civil Liberties in July (a report of which, incidentally, was broadcast by the B.B.C. in a News Bulletin to Germany, presumably to show that civil liberty is not dead in Britain) proved that the people of Britain were very much alive to the danger of what had happened in France happening here under the guise of "national emergency."

The Recall Conference, held on August 24th at the Central Hall, Westminster, and attended by 1,553 delegates representing nearly 2,000,000 people, brought to light many new cases of police persecution and infringement of civil rights. But the main result of the Conference was a crusading one. The delegates pledged themselves to go out and let the people know what is happening now in Britain and to work for the strengthening of the National Council for Civil Liberties. One immediate result has been that Mr. Duff Cooper has recently received an influential deputation to discuss questions of censorship and the freedom of the press.

To secure funds for the carrying out of the Conference's mandate, the National Council for Civil Liberties has opened a special £1,000 fund. As some of your readers will know, the Council operates on an extremely small running cost. No salary, for example, is higher than £5 a week. Legal advice—and there is much of it—is given free. We have the helpers, we have a tremendous amount of urgent work—and we have very little money.

We appeal for £1,000 to carry on, and to enlarge to a greater scale than ever before, our work to protect the rights of the subject. We therefore invite all individuals irrespective of their party or political views, to send something, however small, to Lord Faringdon, Hon. Treasurer of the National Council for Civil Liberties, at this office. Details of individual membership and of affiliation for organisations are obtainable from the Secretary, since it is hoped that all who hold dear the principles of democracy and who abhor Fascism will join the Council and help in making known its aims.

HENRY W. NEVINSON (President)
FARINGDON (Treasurer)
RONALD KIDD (Secretary)

37 Great James St., W.C.1.

WINTER ENTERTAINMENT

SIR,—We are hearing a lot about the menace of boredom these days, particularly as it is liable to affect the troops during the winter. There is a distinct danger that the civilian may be similarly affected. May I make some suggestions which apply to both?

By bringing out of cold storage the Army bands which are now playing in London and elsewhere, the Government has recognised the importance of music. At all costs we must have music this winter, and the best music, as Sir Walford Davies is teaching us, is the music we make ourselves. So let us resurrect those amateur orchestras and choirs which went to ground last autumn. Let us bring out our fiddles and trombones, aye, and our saxophones, and let us make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Secondly, let us gather together the fragments of those amateur dramatic societies to which we belonged in happier days, and let us make again our own plays.

Halls are a difficulty; petrol is a difficulty; the black-out is a difficulty; and bombs are a curse. But difficulties were ever made to be overcome, and they all can be overcome with good will and enthusiasm.

So much for the civilian. Now for the soldier. Ask the troops to join in. They may not be as regular in their attendance as you would like. You may have to understudy the supers as well as the oboes. But it all adds to the fun of it, and that is what we want.

And aim at shows for the troops in your districts. A concert to-day, a play to-morrow. What matter if the joints creak? The troops want a different kind of show when they can get it, and, if I know them at all, they will accept what you offer in the spirit in which you offer it.

Shell-Mex House, A. BALDWIN RAPER
London, W.C.2.

SURFACE AND UNDERGROUND SHELTER

SIR,—I have read with great interest the views of your paper and its correspondents on the question of air-raid shelters. May I give you my own opinion, based on some observation and on discussions with doctors and A.R.P. workers?

I think it will be agreed that the ideally constructed deep shelter provides the final solution of this problem. But I would like your readers to consider for a moment not the difference between this ideal shelter and the surface shelter, but between the latter and the ordinary shelter built in a basement or vault. This last type is the only one that can be built reasonably quickly in most districts with the material and labour at present available.

The ordinary deep shelter is not completely bomb proof nor completely secure from flooding or poison gas. If it receives a direct hit all the occupants are probably killed owing to the tremendous effect of the explosion in a confined space. If any other disaster occurs the occupants may be trapped, and in any case cannot be rapidly evacuated. The shelter usually being large, the casualties are large also. Apart from this the numbers involved and the difficulties of ventilation make the spread of epidemics very probable.

How does the small surface shelter built in the street compare with this? It is more exposed to a direct hit—but a direct hit will probably only kill the dozen or so persons in the half of the shelter which is struck. There is more noise from the outside—but less inside and the occupants disturb each other less. There may be less sense of security—but the press and publicity can correct this if the feeling itself is ill-founded, as I would suggest. Apart from a direct hit, I should say that the surface shelter is almost 100 per cent. safe. I have seen more than one, the walls of which were only slightly cracked by a bomb bursting within five yards. In one case the bomb exploded between a shelter and a row of houses. The basement and first and second floors of two houses were blown in. The shelter was only cracked in one corner.

From the point of view of health and comfort the surface shelter seems to me to have all the advantages. It can be built in every street and where the houses are undamaged the occupants can take shelter with the minimum of disturbance to their ordinary lives. Inside the shelter, with its partitions, there is a reasonable amount of air and privacy. Heating can be arranged or improvised and the inmates encouraged to make their allotted portion comfortable. The danger of epidemics is small.

I think, therefore, that those who decry surface shelters and thereby discourage people from sleeping in them are doing London a disservice. By all means let us construct as fast as we can really deep shelters proof against explosion, flooding, fire, gas and epidemic—this last by no means the least important. But this will take much time, material and labour. I doubt whether the whole population of London can ever be accommodated in this way. Meanwhile the surface shelters should be used more and not less than they are at present.

London. HOME FRONT

[This letter is a fair statement of the case for surface shelters. There are parts of London in which many of them are used at night. In badly hit areas they are little used because in a world of ruins people demand—spontaneously and overwhelmingly—the real safety of deep shelter or at least the psychological comfort of sleep out of hearing of bombs. We invite our correspondent to walk round Dockland; he will quickly discover why, whatever the statistical arguments, people just will not sleep in the open. And they are right. In the front line only workers should live and they should have safety and quiet at night.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

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Current Literature

SARA COLERIDGE

Coleridge Fille: A Biography of Sara Coleridge. By EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge also left children of his body. One, his daughter, Sara, was a continuation of him, not of his flesh indeed, for she was minute, aetherial, but of his mind, his temperament. The whole of her forty-eight years were lived in the light of his sunset, so that, like other children of great men, she is a chequered dappled figure flitting between a vanished radiance and the light of every day. And, like so many of her father's works, Sara Coleridge remains unfinished. Mr. Griggs has written her life, exhaustively, sympathetically; but still . . . dots intervene. That extremely interesting fragment, her autobiography, ends with three rows of dots after twenty-six pages. She intended, she says, to end every section with a moral, or a reflection. And then "on reviewing my earlier childhood I find the predominant reflection. . . ." There she stops. But she said many things in those twenty-six pages, and Mr. Griggs has added others that tempt us to fill in the dots, though not with the facts that she might have given us.

"Send me the very feel of her sweet Flesh, the very look and motion of that mouth—O, I could drive myself mad about her," Coleridge wrote when she was a baby. She was a lovely child, delicate, large-eyed, musing but active, very still but always in motion, like one of her father's poems. She remembered how he took her as a child to stay with the Wordsworths at Allan Bank. The rough farmhouse life was distasteful to her, and to her shame they bathed her in a room where men came in and out. Delicately dressed in lace and muslin, for her father liked white for girls, she was a contrast to Dora, with her wild eyes and floating yellow hair and frock of deep Prussian blue or purple—for Wordsworth liked clothes to be coloured. The visit was full of such contrasts and conflicts. Her father cherished her and petted her. "I slept with him and he would tell me fairy stories when he came to bed at twelve or one o'clock . ." Then her mother, Mrs. Coleridge, arrived, and Sara flew to that honest, homely, motherly woman and "wished never to be separated from her." At that—the memory was still bitter—"my father showed displeasure and accused me of want of affection. I could not understand why. . . . I think my father's motive," she reflected later, "must have been a wish to fasten my affections on him. . . . I slunk away and hid myself in the wood behind the house."

But it was her father who, when she lay awake terrified by a horse with eyes of flame, gave her a candle. He, too, had been afraid of the dark. With his candle beside her, she lost her fear, and lay awake, listening to the sound of the river, to the thud of the forge hammer, and to the cries of stray animals in the fields. The sounds haunted her all her life. No country, no garden, no house ever compared with the Fells and the horse-shoe lawn and the room with three windows looking over the lake to the mountains. She sat there while her father, Wordsworth and De Quincey paced up and down talking. What they said she could not understand, but she "used to note the handkerchief hanging out of the pocket and long to clutch it." When she was a child the handkerchief vanished and her father with it. After that, "I never lived with him for more than a few weeks at a time," she wrote. A room at Greta Hall was always kept ready for him but he never came. Then the brothers, Hartley and Derwent, vanished, too; and Mrs. Coleridge and Sara stayed on with Uncle Southey, feeling their dependence and resenting it. "A house of bondage Greta Hall was to her," Hartley wrote. Yet there was Uncle Southey's library; and thanks to that admirable, erudite and indefatigable man, Sara became mistress of six languages, translated Dobritzhoffer from the Latin, to help pay for Hartley's education, and qualified herself, should the worst come, to earn her living. "Should it be necessary," Wordsworth wrote, "she will be well fitted to become a governess in a nobleman's or gentleman's family. . . . She is remarkably clever."

But it was her beauty that took her father by surprise when at last at the age of twenty she visited him at Highgate. She was learned he knew, and he was proud of it; but he was unprepared, Mr. Griggs says, "for the dazzling vision of loveliness which stepped across the threshold one cold December day." People rose in a public hall when she came in. "I have seen Miss Coleridge," Lamb wrote, "and I wish I had just such a—daughter." Did Coleridge wish to keep such a daughter? Was a father's jealousy roused in that will-less man of inordinate susceptibility when Sara met her cousin Henry up at Highgate and almost instantly, but secretly, gave him her coral necklace in exchange for a ring with his hair? What right had a father who could not offer his daughter even a room to be told of the engagement or to object to it? He could only quiver with innumerable conflicting sensations at the thought that his nephew, whose book on the West Indies had impressed him unfavourably, was taking from him the daughter who, like Christabel, was his masterpiece, but like Christabel, was unfinished. All he could do was to cast his magic spell. He talked. For the first time since she was a woman, Sara heard him talk. She could not remember a word of it afterwards. And she was penitent. It was partly that

> my father generally discoursed on such a very extensive scale. . . . Henry could sometimes bring him down to narrower topics, but when alone with me he was almost always on the star-paved road, taking in the whole heavens in his circuit.

She was a heaven-haunter, too; but at the moment "I was anxious about my brothers and their prospects—about Henry's health, and upon the subject of my engagement generally." Her father ignored such things. Sara's mind wandered.

The young couple, however, made ample amends for that momentary inattention. They listened to his voice for the rest of their lives. At the christening of their first child Coleridge talked for six hours without stopping. Hard-worked as Henry was, and delicate, sociable and pleasure-loving, the spell of Uncle Sam was on him, and so long as he lived he helped his wife. He annotated, he edited, he set down what he could remember of the wonderful voice. But the main labour fell on Sara. She made herself, she said, the housekeeper in that littered palace. She followed his reading; verified his quotations; defended his character; traced notes on innumerable margins; ransacked bundles; pieced beginnings together and supplied them not with ends but with continuations. A whole day's work would result in one erasure. Cab fares to newspaper offices mounted; eyes, for she could not afford a secretary, felt the strain; but so long as a page remained obscure, a date doubtful, a reference unverified, an aspersion not disproved, "poor, dear, indefatigable Sara," as Mrs. Wordsworth called her, worked on. And much of her work was done lastingly; editors still stand on the foundations she truly laid.

Much of it was not self-sacrifice, but self-realisation. She found her father, in those blurred pages, as she had not found him in the flesh; and she found that he was herself. She did not copy him, she insisted; she was him. Often she continued his thoughts as if they had been her own. Did she not even shuffle a little in her walk, as he did, from side to side? Yet though she spent half her time in reflecting that vanished radiance, the other half was spent in the light of common day—at Chester Place, Regents Park. Children were born and children died. Her health broke down; she had her father's legacy of harassed nerves; and, like her father, had need of opium. Pathetically she wished that she could be given "three years' respite from child bearing." But she wished in vain. Then Henry, whose gaiety had so often dragged her from the dark abyss, died young; leaving his notes unfinished, and two children also, and very little money, and many apartments in Uncle Sam's great house still unswept.

She worked on. In her desolation it was her solace, her opium perhaps. "Things of the mind and intellect give me intense pleasure; they delight and amuse me as they are in themselves . . . and sometimes I think, the result has been too *large*, the harvest too abundant, in inward satisfaction. This is dangerous. . . ." Thoughts proliferated. Like her father she had a Surinam-toad in her head, breeding other toads. But his were jewelled; hers were plain. She was diffuse, unable to conclude, and without the magic that does instead of a conclusion. She would have liked, had she been able to make an end, to have written—on metaphysics, on theology, some book of criticism. Or again, politics interested her intensely, and Turner's pictures. But "Whatever subject I commence, I feel discomfort unless I could pursue it in every direction to the farthest bounds of thought. . . . This was the reason why my father wrote by snatches. He could not bear to complete incompletely." So, book in hand, pen suspended, large eyes filled with a dreamy haze, she mused—"picking flowers, and finding nests, and exploring some particular nook, as I used to be when a child walking with my Uncle Southey. . . ."

Then her children interrupted. With her son, the brilliant Herbert, she read straight through the classics. Were there not, Mr. Justice Coleridge objected, passages in Aristophanes that they had better skip? Perhaps. . . . Still, Herbert took all the prizes, won all the scholarships, almost drove her to distraction with his horn-playing and, like his father, loved parties. Sara went to balls, and watched him dance waltz after waltz. She had the old lovely clothes that Henry had given her altered for her daughter, Edith. She found herself eating supper twice, she was so bored. She preferred dinner parties where she held her own with Macaulay, who was so like her father in the face, and with Carlyle—"A precious Arch-charlatan," she called him. The young poets, like Aubrey de Vere, sought her out. She was one of those, he said, "whose thoughts are growing while they speak." After he had gone, her thoughts followed him, in long, long letters, rambling over baptism, regenerations, metaphysics, theology, and poetry, past, present and to come. As a critic she never, like her father, grazed paths of light; she was a fertiliser, not a creator, a burrowing, tunnelling reader, throwing up molehills as she read her way through Dante, Virgil, Aristophanes, Crashaw, Jane Austen, Crabbe, to emerge suddenly, unafraid, in the very face of Keats and Shelley. "Fain would mine eyes," she wrote, "discern the Future in the past."

Past, present, future dappled her with a strange light. She was mixed in herself, still divided, as in the wood behind the house, between two loyalties, to the father who told her fairy stories in bed; and to the mother—Frettikins she called her—to whom she clung in the flesh. "Dear mother," she exclaimed, "What an honest, simple, lively minded affec-

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tionate woman she was, how free from disguise or artifice. . . ." Why, even her wig—she had cut her hair off as a girl—"was as dry and rough and dull as a piece of stubble, and as short and stumpy." The wig and the brow—she understood them both. Could she have skipped the moral she could have told us much about that strange marriage. She meant to write her life. But she was interrupted. There was a lump on her breast. Mr. Gilman, consulted, detected cancer. She did not want to die. She had not finished editing her father's works, she had not written her own, for she did not like to complete incompletely. But she died at forty-eight, leaving, like her father, a blank page covered with dots, and two lines:

Father, no amaranths e'er shall wreathe my brow—
Enough that round thy grave they flourish now.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

ROMAN PORTRAITS

Roman Portraits. Foreword by L. GOLDSCHEIDER. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

It seems a long while ago—though probably it is a matter of no more than half a dozen years—that I congratulated M. Zervos on having made Greek art respectable for the rue La Boëtie. The compliment, which was well meant, was taken ill. I hope that Mr. Goldscheider, or whoever may be responsible for collecting these hundred and twenty photographs, will not take it in the same way, if I say that he has done the same by Roman sculpture. To the scholar and archaeologist this collection will be of little use; but it has considerable charm for the amateur of novelty. The photographs are wonderfully tricky. They have been taken from odd angles, from above and from below; high lights and deep shadows have been cast hither and thither with accomplished cunning; there are reckless amputations; and thus dull lumps of marble have been rendered interesting—by the camera. What we are given is a collection, not of Roman busts, but of brilliant, up-to-date photographs. And such is the skill of the giver that we get the impression of a nervous and dramatic art altogether different from that of Rome. As a record, this book is worthless almost, and perhaps that is as well. A hundred and twenty straightforward reproductions of Roman sculpture would be a weariness to the eye, whereas these will give a good deal of pleasure, and, what is more, might provoke us to look again, were such a thing possible nowadays, at those originals, normally within easy reach of everyone, which we have all seen and most of us have ceased to regard.

Roman sculpture, which descends directly from Greek, not of course without alien influences, is, on the whole, poor stuff. Despite the fact that much, if not most, of it was made by Greek, or at any rate Hellenistic, artisans, it has its distinct Roman flavour. It is generally without aesthetic intention. The point of departure and norm is Greek art misunderstood. As every schoolboy knows, Greek artists generalised; but generalisation, as too many adults seem to forget, is the indispensable preliminary of all genuine art. Before a Greek artist, or any other worthy the name, could or can begin to model a statue or a bust he had and has to conceive it in his imagination as an artistic whole. That step in the process of creation Romans, for the most part, seem to have omitted. Unfortunately, it is not only the first but the essential step, and until it has been taken a work of imagination cannot begin to exist. By a Greek artist, by any artist, a human head must first be conceived as a form possessing artistic unity and expressing the artist's idea; should that form also reveal the peculiarities of the model so much the better. The Roman artisan seems never to have felt the necessity of conceiving the head as a whole; he added one accurately rendered feature to another and trusted that the result would produce an effect of verisimilitude. It did. But a Roman statue is an addition sum; a work of art is a synthesis. Roman portraiture is the ancestor of the academy presentation piece. Only, it must be admitted, the superior skill and conscience of these ancient "academicians" was such, that if the bust of Cicero (plate 7) were set up to-day in Parliament Square it would make its neighbours look even sillier than they are—always supposing that to be possible.

"Roman busts are full of character": that is what everyone says, and it is true. But the character is supplied by the model and not by the artist. It is desirable that this should be borne in mind; because, if it is not, the two meanings of the tag become confused, and people allow themselves to believe that when it is agreed that Roman portraits are full of character it is admitted that Roman art is full of character. The fact is, eminent Romans were full of character—more often than not of a repulsive kind—and the artisans who catered for their vanity had the skill to render it. Chinese sculpture of the great period (Wei and early T'ang) is full of character, an abstraction by Picasso may have, and generally has, a deal of it, but neither tells us much about the person or object that was the point of departure for the work of art: on the other hand, the head of Trajan in the British Museum (plate 56) tells us much about the emperor and nothing whatever about the artist. It tells us nothing about the artist because it is not a work of art. It is not expressive but descriptive. If we are to judge Roman portraits fairly, we must judge them as photographs and not as we judge statues and paintings: only we must judge by the originals and not by titivated reproductions.

The excellence of Roman sculptors at catching a likeness, as well as their lack of style, are generally accounted for by the vanity of Roman patrons. The rich, imperial citizen was inordinately fond of seeing himself and being seen displayed in some imperishable material (*aere perennius*). Also he wished to appear in all his peculiar glory, and had no notion of allowing his idiotic traits to be lost in a generalisation. In art he took no pleasure, though he could rejoice as vulgarly as any modern millionaire in a collection of reputed Greek marbles attributed to choice and expensive masters. Above all he wished his portrait to be "like." This is certainly true: nevertheless I believe one can discover a further and deeper explanation of the Roman insistence on verisimilitude; and this belief, I am glad to say, seems to be shared by Mr. Goldscheider. Before ever Romans had become familiar with Hellenic art they had been in the habit of taking death masks. These had their part to play in religious ceremonies, obsequies and processions. So the public knew them well, and doubtless expected any representation of the human head to be like them. Thus, in addition to the Greek and Etruscan tradition and example, the portraitist at Rome found himself influenced by the prestige of the mask. Now a death mask is bound to be "like"; and however interesting it may be—and some death masks are intensely interesting—it cannot be a work of art. If art is what the student of this book wants, he must turn to the end, where the works reproduced cease to be Roman and become Byzantine or Coptic or whatever you choose to call them. The head of the Empress Ariadne (civ. 515) is a work of art, and a fine one. No preoccupation here with verisimilitude, no adding of detail to detail; the head has been conceived as a whole of profound artistic significance: but then this beautiful piece of sculpture is nearer to China or Sumeria or Chartres, or to Maillol even, then to Imperial Rome.

CLIVE BELL

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

Friends of a Lifetime: Letters to Sydney Cockerell. Edited by VIOLA MEYNELL. *Cape.* 18s.

This volume, recommended by the Book Society, is composed of selected letters received by Sir Sydney Cockerell during roughly the last fifty years, and comprises some sixty correspondents. Sir Sydney began his life as a friend and devoted disciple of Ruskin; became, successively, the secretary of William Morris and Wilfred Scawen Blunt; and then, during the years 1908–37, occupied the position of Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum.

It is a book, of course, which presents certain difficulties—or, perhaps, hesitancies—to any reviewer born after the turn of the century. The younger reader, for one thing, may receive the impression that he is being granted glimpses of a vanished heaven. It will be plain to him, of course, that he is reading the letters of a small and favoured, an especially agreeable and cultivated, section of society, but where, and to whom, he may ask himself, do such letters get written to-day? More, will there be letters worth the reading to collect, in, say, another fifty years? It seems debatable. Again, whence comes, in so many of Sir Sydney's correspondents, this strange ability to *write?* When one considers the half-sheet of grudged, smudged hieroglyphs which does duty for a letter nowadays, it is difficult to believe that anyone could so recently have possessed sixty friends who were capable of, and took pleasure in, expressing themselves. Indeed, the level of literary accomplishment is positively depressing in its limpidity and pithiness, not least when found in those many who were not writers by profession. Let us take an example from Philip Webb, partner in Morris and Co. and architect of Clouds. He had gone down to see a cottage of Wilfred Blunt's which he was proposing to lease, and he describes the weather:

> Place just large enough to contain No. 1 and his belongings and the supposed helpmate and kidlings. Thunderstorms a-raging all round me, rumble-cum-tumble, and snatches of distant lightning, then shilling drops of rain on the white dust of the road—a thin thrush awaiting more of it.

If this is considered as a genuinely representative excerpt, which it is, something of the standard maintained may be guessed. One might couple it with an equally characteristic paragraph by Lady Burne-Jones. Here, the capacity for self-expression is joined to another quality which will be found very common among Sir Sydney's friends, a profound and lasting interest in the well-being of one another. Lady Burne-Jones is speaking to Sir Sydney of his wife:

> I wish with all my heart that you may get the Fitzwilliam appointment, or else settle to some *one* work and place, where she will be able also to set up her work in an abiding way. Life flies much more quickly as one gets older, and you will want every day given to you. And never think you have fathomed the depths of the nearest companion, but *believe* in it always, remembering that of many things it is impossible to speak—so that at last one can only say, "I would tell you if I *could*—nothing is purposely kept from you"; that is as near as one can get, with all one's striving. And it is enough for this life.

Ruskin's *Modern Painters* first awakened Sir Sydney's interest in Art, at the age of eighteen. His father, a coal merchant and social worker, was a friend of William Morris, and two years later, in 1884, Morris and Emery Walker paid the Cockerells a visit. This festivity had a permanent effect on Sir Sydney, who thenceforward felt himself apprenticed and dedicated to the work which Morris and Ruskin had at heart. His aspirations were crystallised, once

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ROUTLEDGE

and for all. Soon he was in correspondence with Ruskin, on whom he contributes one of the two essays (the other is on Tolstoy) in the present volume. These are among the pleasantest pages of all. He quotes Ruskin constantly, and among many small sayings there is one which I find particularly curious. They were walking, near Coniston, and "a tortoiseshell butterfly settled in our path, but he refused to notice it":

> "I cannot admire anything lower in the scale than a fish," he said, jestingly; "I have the best disposition towards slugs and flies and gnats, but why they exist I don't understand."

From his youth on, Sir Sydney was to give proof of a tactful but almost impassioned need to heal the quarrels and misunderstandings among his friends. Even at this early period, he succeeded in temporarily persuading Ruskin, who was then sixty-nine years old, to cancel those pages of *Fors Clarigera* in which he had spoken so slightingly of Octavia Hill.

Of Sir Sydney's own character, there is nothing in all the letters so descriptive as these few lines written by himself:

> My diary shows that I was in Beauvais with Ruskin for but seven days. They were perhaps the happiest of my whole life. It astonishes me to find that an experience that has loomed so large in my reveries began and ended in a week. Ruskin set Detmar [Blow] to draw the beautiful arch and tympanum of the thirteenth-century door let into the Gallo-Roman masonry of the basse-œuvre, attached to the Cathedral. While Detmar was thus engaged, I went for walks with Ruskin, or climbed about the Cathedral, or watched him making the drawings that were to be mine.

Curiosity was one of the great forces that were to build up such an august circle of correspondents but it was curiosity of a beneficent and constructive nature. Whom Sir Sydney admired, he admired wholly and unselfishly. In 1903, he went to Yasnaya Polyana, and he repeats the following remark of Tolstoy's about Shakespeare. Tolstoy had just read Ernest Crosby's *Shakespeare and the Working Man*:

> I have read Shakespeare, but I never liked him, and could not understand the reason. This book gives the clue. Shakespeare had no feeling for the peasants. He never introduces a "clown" except to make fun of him. This is why I cannot read him with pleasure. And Crosby points out that he came only fifty years after More's *Utopia*.

I will not say that *Friends of a Lifetime* is full of such titbits, but there is an astonishingly generous quantity. The letters of Wilfred Blunt, of which there is naturally a large selection, and those of William Richard Lethaby, the great authority on Westminster Abbey, are among the most fruitful. Those by the latter possess an odd, sweet, flinching charm entirely of their own. T. E. Lawrence's letters are the least satisfying; there is something subtly wrong about them. They are not specious, nor pretentious, but they have a kind of sprain in the spirit.

One of the simpler delights provided by the book—a delight only to be relished by more youthful readers—is the evidence of the contempt felt by Sir Sydney's friends for just the same type of stupidities and swashbucklings (the Boer War, for instance) that has plagued us since.

The early nineteen-hundreds are years which Kipling seems to have made only too much his own, and it is this which makes certain of Wilfred Blunt's comments so very refreshing. In 1902, he writes:

> You were right to spend your Coronation abroad, as the flags were like a nightmare in the villages and the God Save the Kings roared out of tune.

The opening lines of a letter written on September 7th, 1914, have an extraordinary appositeness:

> Dear Cockerell,—Things certainly could hardly look blacker for us all than they do to-day, and it is poor consolation to reflect, as I do, that we all richly deserve it. The German invasion is an abominable spectacle, but it is only the extreme logic of the doctrine of force we have all been practising and preaching. . . .
>
> What is altogether disgusting is to think that, whichever way things go, we are in for a military era which will put an end for many years to all art and poetry and drama other than the coarsest. It worries me to think that I have just lived too long to escape seeing the disappearance of what was best and the triumph of what is worst in Europe. . . .

To some, the interval between the Four Years' War and the present war may appear to have teemed with creative activity, and to have belied Blunt's words. I myself suspect that there may be more truth in what he said than we yet care to admit. If one considers Literature in contemporary England and France, for example, there can be exceedingly few names appreciated by the many who were not already known in 1918 to the connoisseur. (With the exception of three or four of our younger poets, I can think of none.)

I cannot conclude without referring to three more points. Firstly, Miss Viola Meynell's dexterous editing, about which there could only be one complaint, and a minor one at that; namely, the inclusion of one or two letters whose significance lies more in the eminence of the authorship than the content. Secondly, the inclusion of as fitting and beautiful a set of photographs as could have been hoped for. Those of Ruskin, Tolstoy, Blunt and Doughty are exceptionally fine, and the one of Mrs. William Morris is one of the most fascinating pictorial documents I have ever seen. It explains and evokes the pre-Raphaelite movement more convincingly than all the text-books ever written on that subject.

Lastly, a quotation from a letter written in 1900. The author, whose identity readers might try to guess before reaching the end, has never been credited with much good sense. She has obviously been underestimated:

> The English Press is writing a great deal of rot about Re Umberto. He was a very stupid man; the tool of any stronger brain that took the trouble to dominate him; and he never seemed to know the difference between a scoundrel and an honest man. He did the country an immense amount of harm; and threw it into the griffes of Germany. He is surely the only man who has ever died in a chimney-pot hat? What think you of the Chinese puzzle?
>
> I cannot think why they *don't* kill all the foreigners, now thay have the chance. Let me hear from you and believe me, ever yours.—OUIDA.

BRIAN HOWARD

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The Invasion from Mars. By HADLEY CANTRIL, with the assistance of HAZEL GAUDET and HERTA HERZOG. *Oxford University Press.* 15s. 6d.

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ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

people heard the broadcast and that well over a million were in some degree affected by the panic.

At the time this affair caused amusement all over the world, and the credulity of " those Americans " was much commented on. However, most of the accounts that appeared abroad were somewhat misleading. The text of the Orson Welles production is given in full, and it appears that apart from the opening announcement and a piece of dialogue towards the end the whole play is done in the form of news bulletins, ostensibly real bulletins with names of stations attached to them. This is a natural enough method of producing a play of that type, but it was also natural that many people who happened to turn on the radio after the play had started should imagine that they were listening to a news broadcast. There were therefore two separate acts of belief involved: (i) that the play was a news bulletin, and (ii) that a news bulletin can be taken as truthful. And it is just here that the interest of the investigation lies.

In the U.S.A. the wireless is the principal vehicle of news. There is a great number of broadcasting stations, and virtually every family owns a radio. The authors even make the surprising statement that it is more usual to possess a radio than to take in a newspaper. Therefore, to transfer this incident to England, one has perhaps to imagine the news of the Martian invasion appearing on the front page of one of the evening papers. Undoubtedly such a thing would cause a great stir. It is known that the newspapers are habitually untruthful, but it is also known that they cannot tell lies of more than a certain magnitude and anyone seeing huge headlines in their paper announcing the arrival of a cylinder from Mars would probably believe what he read, at any rate for the few minutes that would be needed to make some verification.

The truly astonishing thing, however, was that so few of the listeners attempted any kind of check. The compilers of the survey give details of 250 persons who mistook the broadcast for a news bulletin. It appears that over a third of them attempted no kind of verification; as soon as they heard that the end of the world was coming, they accepted it uncritically. A few imagined that it was really a German or Japanese invasion, but the majority believed in the Martians, and this included people who had only heard of the " invasion " from neighbours, and even a few who had started off with the knowledge that they were listening to a play. Here are excerpts from one or two of their statements:

> " I was visiting the pastor's wife when a boy came and said, ' Some star just fell.' We turned the radio on—we all felt the world was coming to an end. . . . I rushed to the neighbours to tell them the world was coming to an end."
>
> " I called in to my husband: ' Dan, why don't you get dressed? You don't want to die in your working clothes.' "
>
> " My husband took Mary into the kitchen and told her that God had put us on this earth for His honour and glory and that it was for Him to say when it was our time to go. Dad kept calling ' O God, do what you can to save us.' "
>
> " I looked in the icebox and saw some chicken left from Sunday dinner. . . . I said to my nephew, ' We may as well eat this chicken—we won't be here in the morning.' "
>
> " I was looking forward with some pleasure to the destruction of the entire human race. . . . If we have Fascist domination of the world, there is no purpose in living anyway."

The survey does not reveal any single all-embracing explanation of the panic. All it establishes is that the people most likely to be affected were the poor, the ill-educated and, above all, people who were economically insecure or had unhappy private lives. The evident connection between personal unhappiness and readiness to believe the incredible is its most interesting discovery. Remarks like " Everything is so upset in the world that anything might happen," or " So long as everybody was going to die, it was all right," are surprisingly common in the answers to the questionnaire. People who have been out of work or on the verge of bankruptcy for ten years may be actually relieved to hear of the approaching end of civilisation. It is a similar frame of mind that has induced whole nations to fling themselves into the arms of a Saviour. This book is a footnote to the history of the world depression, and in spite of being written in the horrible dialect of the American psychologist, it makes very entertaining reading.

George Orwell

ISAAC NATHAN

Isaac Nathan: Friend of Byron. By Olga Somech Phillips. *Minerva Publishing Co.* 6s.

During one of the unhappiest honeymoons on record, Byron took refuge from his sense of guilt (and the furious nerve-storms to which that sense of guilt gave rise) in the composition of a series of short lyrical poems, afterwards published with supplementary pieces as the *Hebrew Melodies*. Annabella helped to copy them out; and they were presently set to music by Nathan, a young Jewish composer whom the poet had met at Cambridge. Later, when the miserable weeks at Seaham had merged into the long-drawn agony of Piccadilly Terrace, and the tragi-comedy of the Byrons' marriage had concluded in melodrama, with the Princess of Parallelograms metamorphosed into an avenging fiend, Isaac Nathan again makes a brief appearance. On the eve of Byron's final departure from England, he was among the few acquaintances who had the courage to bid him goodbye. Other friends brought a cake and bottles of champagne: Nathan, with a touch of Oriental romanticism that the English writer appreciated and understood, contributed an offering of unleavened bread. " . . . As a certain angel at a certain hour, by his presence, ensured the safety of a whole nation, may the same guardian spirit (wrote Nathan) pass with your Lordship to that land where the fates may have decreed you to sojourn for a while." Byron, always sensitive to kindness, gladly accepted the tribute; and it is painful for Nathan's biographer to be obliged to add that Byron later spoke of the composer and his " 'Ebrew nasalities " in a tone of facetious disrespect, protesting that he had " merely interfered to oblige a whim of Kinnaird's, and all I have got by it was a ' speech ' and a receipt for stewed oysters."

" Unkind . . . extraordinary and strange " are Mrs. Phillips' not unnatural observations. Obviously, Isaac Nathan was an amusing man; and other students of Byron's existence besides myself must have wished to know more of his personal character. This little book is scrappy and disappointing. Facts are produced: but they are not worked up into any coherent pattern. Hints are provided: but—in the most exasperating manner—they fail to materialise. Born in 1790, the son of a pious Cantor of the Canterbury Synagogue (who claimed illegitimate descent from Stanislas Poniatowski, the last King of Poland and a monarch, according to Mrs. Phillips, believed " to have been capable of anything in the amour line "), Nathan was first intended for the rabbinical ministry but afterwards, as soon as his real talents declared themselves, apprenticed to Domenico Corri, a Neapolitan musician and a protégé of the great singer, Nicolo Porpora. Having achieved some popularity as a fashionable music-master and entered the Bohemian world of the London stage, he eloped with an Irish pupil named Eliza Worthington, who bore him six children, published a number of volumes and whose " intimate girl-friend," Miss Longfield (we are informed), was related to the peerage. Moreover

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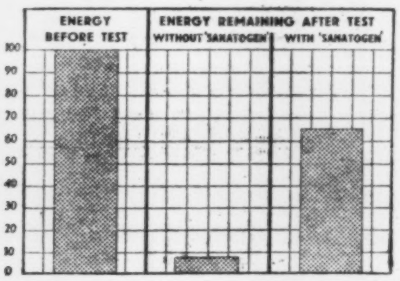

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the future Mrs. Nathan " possessed a stomacher of magnificent diamonds, six of which she used to take out and pin in her hair." Notwithstanding these social advantages, her end was tragic; and, when the nursemaid " draped the children in black and led them to their father," they discovered him " dashing his head against the wall so that the blood ran through his curls. . . ."

Of such provocative but unrelated fragments has Mrs. Phillips composed her study of Nathan's career. The affair of honour which took place at seven o'clock in the morning near the Red Horse, Battersea, owing to " a certain Mr. P. Lepiper " having made a " strong personal allusion to a lady of high rank and talent " (can it have been Nathan's patroness, Lady Caroline Lamb ?), and the occasion when the composer was haled before the courts for having slapped Lord Langford (apparently at Lady Langford's instigation) are episodes she has been unable to disengage from the murk of history. Even Isaac's brother, " Baron " Nathan of the Rosherville Gardens, Gravesend, best known for his " celebrated egg hornpipe " in which he executed a blindfolded *pas seul* " among the crustaceous produce of the farmyard," without missing a step or smashing a single egg, is relegated to an uninformative and colourless chapter. Yet Nathan himself keeps breaking through. No doubt he was a pushing, yet well-intentioned, man—kind, enthusiastic, tactless, effusive, as prone to admiration as he was fond of a quarrel, eminently second-rate yet oddly lovable. Byron was fond of him; and Byron sneered at him. There was something slightly Byronic about Nathan's temperament, coloured and softened and blurred by his Jewish ancestry. It is pleasant that he should have ended his life as an Australian citizen, and that the Antipodes should have given the fame and security that Europe denied. He rejoined his fathers, after being flung from a horse-tram at the age of seventy-four and was buried, a renegade to his original faith, in a Christian graveyard.

PETER QUENNELL

DEATH AND THE CHILD

The Child's Discovery of Death. By SYLVIA ANTHONY. International Library of Psychology. *Kegan Paul.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The title of Miss (Mrs. ?) Anthony's book caught my eye in the publisher's catalogue some weeks ago; and I marked it down for reading as soon as it should appear. No one, I said to myself, would have chosen this subject who was not capable of treating it sensitively and deeply; it fits on to no fashions, it may well drive a wedge into unknown country. Many books are written about childhood, and about death, but none about the two in conjunction. Yet it is the child, no one else, who discovers death, and that discovery is by far the most important a human being can make. So much, perhaps, occurred to me, with the faint thrill that attaches to forbidden topics, when I noted the title. Here is the book. It is a fascinating piece of research, and its conclusions are both surprising and important.

The " position," let us say, in 1937 when Miss Anthony undertook this investigation, was as follows. Piaget and others had made it clear that at the age of seven to seven and a half the mind of the child undergoes a fundamental change. Until then its thought has been egocentric; the world has appeared only in terms of its wish; people and things outside itself are grasped at with the hand, with the eye, of satisfaction; it has learnt to speak but its speech is confined to orders and to a running commentary on its own actions; its reasoning is intuitive, its train of thought a train of images; where the facts do not suit, it invents; it seeks to connect everything with everything else, and to justify everything. Thus to the question

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"Why is the sky blue ?" it expects not a scientific answer but an emotional justification ; its "because" like its "why" must add one more thread to the cocoon of self-intoxication. In this world, as Piaget demonstrated by his precise annotation of childish speech and behaviour, there is no room for chance. The first anguish and the first real understanding come into a child's life when it begins to acknowledge "chance," the existence of processes outside its own endeavour. Hitherto love and hatred have been the sole executive powers, capable of attracting, of repelling and even destroying at will ; the young child has no knowledge of the indifference of things. Then, abruptly or little by little, it encounters chance, in the extreme form of death. It finds, perhaps, a dead bird, which its love did not save from dying and cannot bring back to life. Death is the obstacle that can't be blinked. At that point, with the coincidence of elementary reasoning and ideas about death, Piaget left off, and Miss Anthony begins. To complain that Piaget did not grasp the importance of death ideas and death fantasy in this new development would be a gross exaggeration, but (if one refers now to *The Language and Thought of the Child* or *The Child's Conception of the World*) the problem seems to remain, though stated, curiously unstressed. It is a tribute to Miss Anthony's achievement to say that her book advances naturally and in some points inevitably from the earlier position. She employs a similarly precise method of observation and annotation, she is scientific in the true sense of being continually on guard against shaping fact to theory, and her conclusions are no less revolutionary than those of Piaget himself.

The material for study has been obtained in several ways. The first, adopted from the Institut Jean-Jacques Rousseau of Geneva, was to apply a Story-Completion Test to 117 children, the majority of whom attended an L.C.C. school in London. The test consisted of a dozen little stories ("On Sunday they all went out for the day ; when they came home the mother was sad. Why ?") which the children were asked to complete. No mention was made of death in any of the stories, but the references to it, direct or latent, in the children's answers were remarkably frequent. The second method, and on the whole the more revealing, because devised by Miss Anthony herself, was what she calls the Home Records. In this case a group of eleven children, members of five families including the author's own, were put under observation, and all conversations or incidents relating to death scrupulously noted by the mothers, if possible immediately afterwards, in shorthand. One great advantage, here, was that conditions were as natural and varied as possible ; the chief drawbacks, a restriction in the numbers and class of children studied, and the danger of what Miss Anthony calls "anecdotalism"—a weakness for the *bon-bon mots* of tradition. On the whole this method worked remarkably well. It provided a mass of material, which could be checked step by step, and without irrelevance we get to know the children individually.

In its first guises, death may appear innocuously as a falling asleep, a far journey, a disappearance with the hope of return. One child, seeing its mother stretched dead on the floor, lay down beside her and went to sleep ; another believes that the person buried will come back to life like a spring flower ; to others it means "'adn't 'ad no dinner," "when you're in your coffin and you're layin' in it" or "I would be very sorry, too, if I was dead." In each case, at this early stage, death is regarded as something that can be experienced in terms of living, a step like being married. Later (I am generalising very roughly) may come the idea of finality, the association of death with old age and with violence. But old age is still a condition of *other* people, violence the prerogative asserted by the child itself (towards animals, for example). It is not until the conclusion "I, too, shall die" is reached through "I, too, shall grow old" that the child may be said to have begun reasoning (aged 7 to 7½) ; and even then, Miss Anthony points out, the generalisation "All men grow old, all men die" has been skipped. The early inability to comprehend is then, in one way or another, replaced by assertions of immortality. Transubstantiation, magical immunity, heaven, reincarnation, retreat into the womb, Methuselahism—these will all be found among the beliefs of children under ten.

That death, when sighted, should be so fended off and wrapped in taboo, ought not perhaps to surprise us, but it does. We are accustomed, if we are honest, to the fact that our own view of dissolution is blurred ; we tend to forget the crucial experiences of childhood. To give some idea of what children think and say on this subject and to illustrate the texture of Miss Anthony's book, I will quote a few remarks by one boy, Ben, whose age is given in brackets :

> "Are you an old lady, Mother ?" "No, not yet." "When will you be an old lady ?" "When I'm seventy." "What will you be after you're an old lady ?" "I shall die, some time." "And what will you be then ?" [3 : 3]
>
> "Why can't you keep cream to the next day ?" "Because it goes bad. Most things do that have been alive ; if you don't eat them soon you can't eat them at all." "Do you think when we die we go up to the shops in Heaven, and then God buys us and puts us in his larder and eats us ?" [6 : 4]
>
> Ben [7 : 11] came into M.'s bed for a minute or two before breakfast, and they talked about measles, etc. Ben (quite happily) : I'd like to die. M. : Why ? B. : Because I'd like to be in the same grave as you.
>
> On a summer holiday Ben [aged 8 : 6] and his mother felt a good deal of friction in their relationships. One day, however, they went for a long and friendly walk alone together, and when they sat down to rest far away from everyone else, Ben remarked, thoughtfully and confidentially, "I sometimes think you are a witch, and don't like me at all, really, and will put poison in my food."

These remarks and the passages in the book dealing with cruelty and birth-death fantasies, may cause some conventional surprise. "Conventional" I say, because to anyone who has preserved a real memory of his own childhood and has read at all widely in literature, Miss Anthony's revelations will confirm rather and systematise experience already familiar. Miss Anthony makes little use of the writers, from Rousseau on, who have explored this region. She quotes from *Coriolanus* (the child and the "mammocked" butterfly), Gosse's *Father and Son* and Auden, and is obviously sensitive to literature. She might have found material, I suggest, very much more to her purpose in other authors : Blake, Andersen, De Quincey, and Jules Renard, say, for a start. Perhaps the chapter in De Quincey's autobiography called "The Affliction of Childhood" is too far distanced from the event for her purpose, though it is remarkable. But Renard, with his realistic annotation, is very much to the point. *Poil de Carotte* (1894) is still the most truthful and revolutionary picture of childhood attempted by any writer, and his assertion "Hugo a vu l'enfance ange, mais c'est féroce, infernale" is a motto that needs hanging out to-day. The records of his own children, by the way, in the *Journal* match exactly with the methods of Miss Anthony and her associates in gathering their material. It's not the first time literature has anticipated science.

One point, intentionally, I have kept till the end. *The Child's Discovery of Death* was not written for the situation to-day which gives it a grim topicality. Miss Anthony had completed her research before war threatened, and her book, I think, is one which, war or no war, will leave its mark. G. W. STONIER

Brass Chandelier: A Biography of R. H. Best. By R. D. BEST. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

The Birmingham lamp manufacturer whose life is here written by his son was a typical figure in nineteenth century commerce. The specialisation of mass production had not yet invaded industry; Best was a manufacturer, not a financier, and being a manufacturer demanded a specialist knowledge of the processes, of design and of trading as much as of making profits. No less, a feudal flavour pervaded his relationships with his own workmen. Not many modern manufacturers are found teaching at the adult classes they have inaugurated; nowadays they donate the money to pay others to do it. It was this interest in the welfare of his fellow citizens, combined, perhaps, with a resentment at the inadequacy of his own schooling which gave him his fruitful interest in day continuation classes, an interest which crystallised under the influence of Kerschensteiner. The eminently sensible and practical views which Best expressed on this subject still wait to be understood to-day. Economic and social historians of the fifties will find useful material in this biography.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

To begin with, two apologies. One of my more pedantic friends has expostulated with me for my reference to Bach's "piano" concertos, pointing out that the modern pianoforte did not exist in Bach's day. Now, funnily enough, I was aware of that fact, and I wrote "piano" in order not to confuse the less learned among my readers, since Bach's keyboard concertos are now almost invariably played on the piano. However, no doubt I should have used some such term as "clavier." My second apology relates to Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" overture. I stated that this was a late work; it does in fact belong to the composer's middle period, having been written in 1811.

It is a curious (and to the jaded reviewer most welcome) fact that almost every fresh issue of records provides the suggestion for some critical point of general interest. This month the text for my brief sermon is to the effect that the older music is, the less easy it is to distinguish the first- from the second-rate. Few would care to put their hands on their hearts and say they could at once tell bad Josquin des Prés (or Palestrina or Byrd) from good; and there are all too many musical snobs who are prepared to go into transports at the sound of any music obviously written in an eighteenth-century idiom. Such people would enjoy the *Holberg Suite* if they were told it was by Handel, but would disdain it if they knew it was by Grieg. This attitude is most illogical and proceeds simply from uncritical affection for the superficies of a particular style and lack of attention to the actual thematic material involved, to the way the latter is worked out, to the transitions, codas and so on. Thus, Vivaldi's *Concerto Grosso in D minor*, Op. 3, No. 11, is a robust and enjoyable, but in no way transcendent, example of early eighteenth-century music. The snobs will inexcusably receive it as they would a concerto by Handel, whereas it is, I believe, roughly the equal of a symphony by Gade or Goetz, who, because they wrote in the romantic idiom, are easily recognised as of the second rank and are therefore sneered at as faded and academic. Meanwhile it is only fair to add that the Largo, which recalls the work of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, is above the level of the movements which enclose it. The concerto is recorded (in the edition of the exquisite M. Siloti) by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V.). The performance is a strong and lusty one, not as harsh as most of this conductor's recordings; but possessors of radiograms are advised to cut out the high frequencies when playing this set. On side 4 is the superb Larghetto from Handel's *12th Concerto Grosso*.

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strongly still to a selection of pieces by William Boyce (1710–1779), arranged by Constant Lambert for the ballet *The Prospect Before Us*, and played by the Sadler's Wells orchestra under Mr. Lambert (H.M.V.). These pieces are greatly inferior to the composer's amiable symphonies; in fact, though they make a tolerable accompaniment to dancing and stage action, I can hardly believe many people will care to listen to them purely as music, for they are singularly empty. The recording, however, is excellent.

Passing from the second- to the first-rate, I would nevertheless warn readers that Mozart's *Serenade in C minor* (K.388) is not in the front rank of the composer's production. Apart from the Minuet, which is in canon and contains some miraculous writing, this Serenade is essentially "occasional" music; moreover, the setting for unrelieved wood wind implies—in spite of Mozart's extraordinary technical virtuosity—a certain monotony of tone-colour, an unavoidable lack of balance—in fine, a sort of grumpiness that is unattractive. The performance, by Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta (H.M.V.), does everything possible to smooth out these drawbacks. The Overture to *Don Giovanni* is of course in another class, and it is agreeable to be able to hail a really wonderful recording—precise as a delicate machine—by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Col.). I have never heard the nervous restlessness of this prelude better rendered; one can hear in it all the wicked energy of a man whose love-impulses have turned to hatred and destructive aggression. Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*, on the other hand, describes the noble and tragic soul of a man of action. This exalted music has been well recorded in the past (I remember a wonderful old disc by Mengelberg), but I am afraid I cannot recommend the new recording by Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V.). It has the fault of American recording *in excelsis:* violins that whistle like a screaming bomb. Nor do I care for the conductor's continuously violent accents and general over-emphasis. The great man has not done himself justice this time.

Though to a considerably lesser extent, the new recording of Brahms' *Second Symphony*, by Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra (Col.), also suffers from the fault of string shrillness, and the wood wind sounds a bit under the weather, which is especially disadvantageous in the first movement. Weingartner's interpretation is, of course, respectworthy, but it is uninspiring and does nothing to lighten those stodgy thirds which run up and down all too ubiquitously in the Finale. The charming Scherzo is the best recorded movement; but on the whole I still prefer the Beecham set (Col.), which is not in the least out of date.

When, in 1854, Liszt produced Gluck's *Orpheus* for the first time at Weimar, he had been inspired to celebrate the occasion with a symphonic poem of his own on the same subject. It is one of the best of the set and I have often wished that someone would record it. Now here it is, quite well played and not badly recorded by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow (Col.). Of the dimensions of a piano fantasia, it does not pretend to get under the skin of the subject and its "programme" is of the vaguest. But it is a remarkably lovely thing and—what is rare with Liszt—it has the unity of mood of a single inspiration, and does not lapse into one of those blatant and banal marches which are apt to be Liszt's only idea for an allegro section.

To those (and there must be many in these days) who require music that makes no demands, I commend the urbane Arensky's *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky* (Decca). This is a slender, but highly agreeable and well-made opuscule, and the Boyd Neel String Orchestra have recorded it admirably. Those who like these two records will no doubt also enjoy Vaughan-Williams' *English Folk Song Suite.* This jolly work was originally written for military band, but I think it sounds better in the present version, played by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra (Col.). These lovely, innocent tunes are far better left intact like this, than when forced into the Procrustean bed of a symphonic movement.

I wonder how many Britishers there are to whom Edward Strauss means anything. He was, in fact, the youngest of the three brothers of whom Johann is the most famous. Judging by the *Doctrinen Waltz*, his talent was inferior to that of his brothers. But it is well to have an example of it, and listeners will find the authentic Viennese flavour in the melodies and rhythm. The recording, by Fiedler and the Promenade Orchestra (H.M.V.), is harsh. More attractive in every way is a *Waltz Selection* from Johann Strauss played, with considerable virtuosity, on two pianos by Alan Paul and Ivor Dennis (Regal). I prefer this to the elaborate Strauss-Godowsky *Fledermaus Paraphrase* (Col.). Godowsky's ornamentation is fantastically overdone and effectually destroys the rhythm. That fine pianist, Anatol Kitain, gives rather a gingerly performance as though he did not trust himself to keep it up. All the same, amateurs of *valses de concert* cannot afford to neglect this record.

Brahms' *Hungarian Dance No.* 4 and Dvorak's *Slavonic Dance No. 2 in E minor*, arranged for piano and violin and played by Yehudi Menuhin and Marcel Gazelle (H.M.V.), make quite a good pair. The accompaniment is perhaps kept a little too much in the background, but Menuhin's tone and technique leave, as usual, nothing to be desired.

It is with pleasure that I wind up with the name of John McCormack, for there are few more perfect artists alive. His singing of traditional Irish airs is distinguished by a marvellous diction, a romantic tenderness, and a rhythmic subtlety that could scarcely be surpassed. This month we have "Meeting of the Waters" and "The Bard of Armagh" (H.M.V.). The latter is especially beautiful.

One hopes very much that the gramophone companies will not be obliged to abate their activities during the forthcoming winter. Signs are abundant that, with so many radio stations "off the air" and so few concerts of any kind, people are turning more and more to the gramophone for the satisfaction of what is for many a real need. That being so, I cannot help feeling that there is much to be said for extending the Purchase Tax exemption from books to records.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 559

Set by B. Van Thal

A time-bomb has lodged itself outside your residence: you are given ten minutes to clear out. Apart from dressing and putting on your mink and astrakan-lined coat, what would you take?

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, c/o Cornwall Press, 1-6 Paris Garden, Stamford Street, S.E.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, November 4th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 557

Set by G. W. Stonier

Kubla Khan, as everyone knows, was written in an opium-dream after its author had fallen asleep over a copy of *Purchas His Pilgrimage.* Competitors are asked to imagine themselves in a similar situation, dozing off with a Telephone Directory in their laps, so that some of the more striking names are carried over into their dreams. The usual prizes are offered for the best poem (limit of 20 lines) composed in these circumstances.

Report by G. W. Stonier

There is almost no limit to the fantasy poems that can be drawn out of the Telephone Book. Countless names of animals would furnish a new Whipsnade; the Bible is represented by most of its famous characters; one could develop at will a nomenclature Shavian, Dickensian or Congrevian; Sorrow is there as well as Sleep and Death; from the flower-garden (Lavender and Lilac) it is a short step to vegetables and to the riches of the table, beginning with Ham and Eggs, Beer, and Parsley; a whole literature, in fact, could be set in motion by studying the small type, set like Scripture in narrow columns, of this one extraordinary book. And literature already existing is there. Few, I imagine, are the classics which could not be confirmed, as it were, by referring to a Telephone Directory. It adds to one's pleasure in a well-known line—

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

—to know that there is a Mr. Sweet and a Miss Silent, and that Mr. Sessions lives in the Edgware Road.

One or two entries led in a direction which could be labelled, vaguely, Coleridge:

> . . . The throne that ESPEUT built of HAYIM wood,
> Inlaid with ABECASSIS, DING and FRUH,
> All scented like the heavy flowers that hang
> In the dark woods of ALABIRDO'S hills
> Where the red GUILFOYLE winds its golden ropes
> To the bright summits of the AIRAS trees. . . .
> (P. Bagallay)

and Charles Furbank showed a similar ingenuity in discovering polyphloisboic syllables:

> Ozias signals Aal,
> Nycander, who has seen the light, is unconcerned,
> And Kulukundis cannot find his way. . . .

But for the most part strange names induced a surrealist trance. J. C. B. Date plunged furiously into Jabberwocky:

> SZUNYOGH-SZUNYOGH! This GUPPY night
> PHIZACKERLEY will play.
> No LEMON-POWER shall FRIZZELL us
> Till dawn of LANDQUIST day.
> With RUMBELOWE and DOLLEYMORE,
> FROHOCK! DOHOO! we'll shout.
> Now GUMPRIGHT, now more DUMERESQUE,
> Our mood shall change about.

Nancy Gunter began with a parody of *Kubla Khan*, introducing the telephone-box:

> PE-EMJEE
> Within was sensed the muted measure
> Of traffic-sound, these domes of pleasure
> Were Rich with many a Devius device
> And in their crystal deeps might you discover
> Like some lost Peary seeking paradise
> A maiden ringing up her Laggard Lover.

These seemed to me the best of the poems in which intoxication held sway. Others were Irish and ballady:

> From Beaglehole to Yallop town
> The Laughland lay in flood;
> And many a steer of Godbehere
> Was driven mad by panic fear
> And perished in the mud.
>
> The wires were down on Godsave Hill;
> And near the Halfhead mark,
> The wild wind's whip on Teago Stripp
> Had flogged a little sailing ship
> To death in Deadman Dark.
> (Allan M. Laing)

It took me some time to decide not to give this competitor (a newcomer, surely?) one of the prizes. But, on the whole, I think that Muriel Sly and R. S. Jaffray are comfortably ahead. Miss Sly's verses about Wimbledon—with no offence, of course, to any inhabitant of that suburb—are delightful.

FIRST PRIZE

At Wimbledon the TRAMPLEASURES
Are entertaining folk to tea :
The Rev. POU is sitting snug
With little Mrs. Henry BUGG
And Col. Arthur BLEE ;
While down beside the rabbit hutch
Walk Mr. NOCKLES and Miss SNUTCH.

Oh, would I were at Wimbledon
With Mr. WORM and Mrs. JELLY,
The BUGSGANGS and the BUTTERFANTS,
Miss SPLITTER and young Mrs. SQUANCE,
And poor old Mr. SMELLIE ;
With Edward PONKING passing jam
To Mrs. POBGEE and Miss CRAM.

* * * * * *

Would I were there to play my part,
To talk with such a company !
But oh, my name is ROBINSON
And so it is no place for me.

MURIEL SLY

SECOND PRIZE

Where Alph the printed river runs
Our nomenclature to Abet,
We paradoxes find and puns
Our jaded fancy still to whet.

I dreamt I met those names unknown
That yet are folk like you and me
Whom though they're on the telephone
I scarcely hope in flesh to see.

I saw Golightly lumber by
With paralytic Strongitharm,
And Craven who would do or die
Lending a hand with gentle Harm.

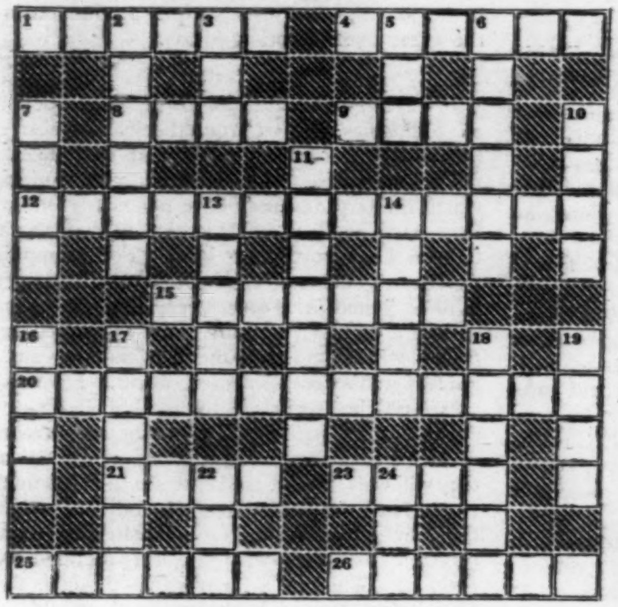
Flabelli is it seems a lean
And lanky advocate of Bant,
While candour and reserve are seen
To struggle in the soul of Cant.

For in the boundlessness of chance
The oddest coupling must in time
By mathematic ordinance
Once if once only sound its chime.

R. S. JAFFRAY

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 4

Set by V. S.



The last week's winner is :
Constance Ross, 90 Green Hill, N.W.3.

ACROSS

1 & 9. $\frac{\text{100 or 500}}{\text{French Blue}}$ (2 words, 6 & 4).
4. Put your bag on the counter when ordering wine (6).
8. It's a bit of a blow when friends turn their backs (4).
9. See 1.
12. There's no place like it, honey, no place like it (4, 5 and 4).
15. The last to get into bed (7).
20. Questioning the directors ? (8 hyphen 5).
21. rev. Mere pigment (4).
23. Horse's kick (4).
25. Ugh ! An S.O.S. has gone round as the result of these rumours (6).
26. No variety on the fruit stall (6.)

DOWN

2. Summary. (6).
3. Since when it is a cinch (3).
5. Put everything on a fifty - fifty basis (3).
6. Proust's turn to show astonishment (6).
7. He follows the account in great discomfort (4).
10. We got up just after six to see the scenery (4).
11. Water - babies succeed all the year round ! (7).
13. It is thick enough, so cover closely (5).
14. The humblest end can be made happy (5).
16. Is repeated. (4).
17. F.O. (6).
18. Listen ! Has Noah put the wrong bird outside ? (6).
19. This port must be a beastly place to live in (4).
22. As the aspiration of an incendiary bomber ? (3).
24. Element of music (3).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

L	O	V	E	R	S	■	S	A	L	L	O	W
I	■	I	■	O	■	L	■	M	■	E	■	I
S	■	V	O	O	D	O	O	I	S	M	■	S
T	■	I	■	D	■	V	■	D	■	A	■	H
E	N	D	O	■	W	E	D	■	O	N	C	E
N	■	■	■	G	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	S
■	I	N	C	A	R	N	A	T	I	O	N	■
B	■	■	■	S	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	L
A	X	I	S	■	I	M	P	■	A	B	B	E
S	■	S	■	P	■	I	■	S	■	A	■	M
S	■	L	A	R	K	S	P	U	R	S	■	N
E	■	E	■	U	■	T	■	N	■	L	■	O
T	O	T	H	E	R	■	E	G	R	E	S	S

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The longer and more frequently shelters are occupied the more favourable are conditions for air-borne infection. The crowds filling the shelters must always include some persons who are carriers of infection. As winter approaches the number of infection carriers will increase, and the risk that the shelters will become focal points of infection will grow steadily greater.

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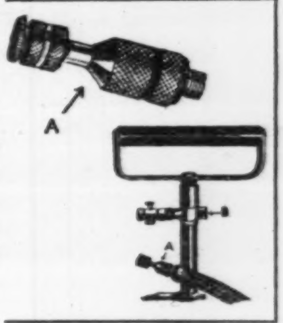

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES OIL DEAL—OIL SHARES REVIEWED—RAILWAYS AND BIG BUSINESS

SINISTER negotiations are in progress between the Japanese and the Dutch East Indian oil companies. Of course, the oil companies make light of it and argue that they have offered only a quantity of oil products which would be available within the next few months "in a strictly commercial way without any forced shifting of markets or contracts." Moreover, the Dutch East Indies Government have stressed their intention to keep the negotiations strictly within the economic field and maintain a "well-founded policy of non-discrimination and good neighbourliness." Clearly these negotiations should not be tolerated by the British Government. Japan has joined the enemy camp without declaring war on us and we must take steps, as the American Government has done, to prevent the purchase by Japanese interests of vital war materials. It is fortunately easy to take such steps. Not only can pressure be brought to bear on the English partner of the Royal Dutch-Shell Group, but the Dutch East Indies Government should be told where it gets off. The provincial Government of a defeated Ally must conform to the economic war policy of the Allied forces. If the Dutch East Indies Government exports even low-grade commercial motor spirit to Japan, it will set free the higher grade spirit for the Japanese air force. I am glad to see that the Mexican Government has suspended its negotiations for the export of oil to Japan. The question of oil supply is bound to be ultimately the vital factor in the war. Russia is already getting short of oil for her internal and war needs and will certainly not export any oil to Germany. The seizure of Rumanian oil will not prevent an ultimate shortage of oil developing in Germany if the R.A.F. keep on upsetting production at the great hydrogenation plants.

* * *

It will not be a good year for the international oil companies. Apart from the loss of nearly the entire European market, and the general fall in the volume of civilian oil consumption, which military demands have not nearly offset, they have had to suffer, curiously enough, a fall in the export price level. For example, American gasoline at Gulf ports (64–66 gravity) is now quoted at 4 cents per American gallon against 6 cents a year ago. This will affect the price level in South American markets and, indeed, in the entire neutral world. I would, therefore, be surprised to find Shell Transport or the Anglo-Iranian paying an interim dividend in December. It is more likely that they will wait until next May to see the 1940 final results and the next year's possibilities, and if the war situation is more threatening it is probable that they will pass a 1940 dividend entirely. This is a depressing thought for Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian shareholders, and I am afraid that as the war moves nearer to the Iraq and Iranian oilfields, which is the German goal, Anglo-Iranian and Burmah Oil shares may decline further.

	High 1940	Present Price	1939 Div.	Gross Div. Yield %
Anglo-Iranian Oil £1	60/-	$1\frac{7}{32}$	5%	£4 2 0
Burmah Oil £1 ...	73/6	$2\frac{3}{16}$	21%	£5 7 0*
Shell Transport £1 ...	82/4½	1¾	5% net	£4 19 0

* On basis of 15% allowing for Dominion Income Tax relief.

It is difficult to know what to advise. Anglo-Iranian shareholders will not be disposed to cut a loss at $1\frac{7}{32}$ but they might consider exchanging into their own 8 per cent. and 9 per cent. preference shares, which can be bought at 19*s.* 9*d.* and 19*s.* 6*d*, respectively. Seeing that these preference shares stood as high as 38*s.* 7½*d.* and 40*s.* 9*d* respectively in 1937, there is scope for capital appreciation if the situation in Iraq ever returns to normal. Even if the worst happened and the concession were lost, the 8 per cent. preference shares (£7½ millions) would have first call on the net liquid assets, which are considerable.

* * *

The Railway market has responded to the report that the application for an increase in charges will be granted this week. You may think it is indecent for a railway trust to cause a further rise in the cost of living, but this is not the only trust at work. Big industrial companies, in order to protect themselves against the advance of so-called "socialism," have bought up their small competitors and formed other trusts. (*Vide* Tate and Lyle in sugar, Turner and Newall in asbestos, Imperial Chemical Industries in the chemical trades, Associated Portland Cement and British Aluminium in the manufacture of cement and aluminium, respectively). At the same time the better organised trades have formed cartels for fixing prices and market quotas (witness the Iron and Steel Federation and the all-powerful petrol ring)—sometimes even with Government encouragement, as in the case of the coal industry. Instead of bringing these great combines to heel when the war demanded national control, the Conservative Government, true to its calling as the party of big business, actually gave them new opportunities for power and monopoly by making their chairmen and managing directors the Government appointees on the new national boards for the control of raw materials, prices and output. It is time that Parliament demanded from the Government a revision of its whole policy of prices and profits. By its subservience to big business and the big Trade Unions the Government is surely pursuing an inflationary course.

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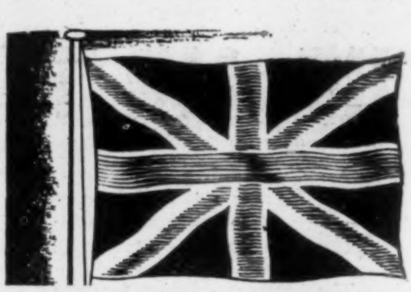

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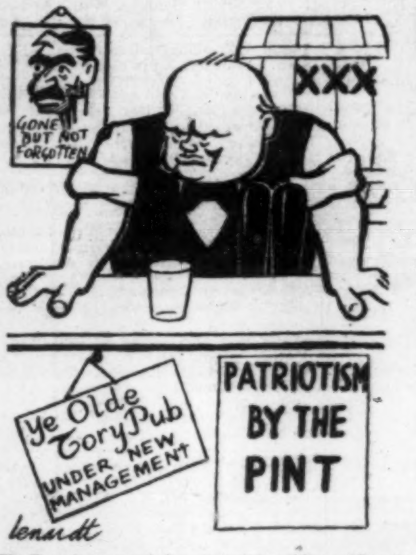
MR. CHURCHILL'S ASSUMPTION
OF LEADERSHIP
OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY



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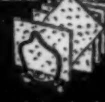

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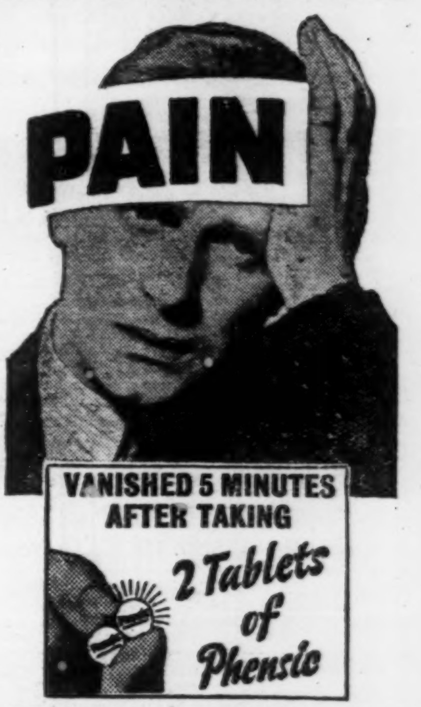
TERRIBLE HEAD AND BACK



Mr. R. D. has discovered the quickest, safest way to STOP PAIN. *"I suffered terribly from pain in the back and head and tried dozens of remedies with NO results. Then—I took 2 tablets of Phensic and GOT RELIEF IN 5 MINUTES." Why don't YOU get Phensic?*

Prices: **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

WHICH CAME FIRST:
THE VALUE OR THE TOKEN,
THE GOODS
or
THE MONEY ?

Please consider this question and discuss it with your friends. World peace and plenty depends upon it.
—*Glyn Thomas.*

Stop that COLD with VAPEX
V193

PURELY PERSONAL

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE—isn't half so interesting as the Canteen. From the Canteen you can get a King Six Cigar for 8d.